Liberty

5¢

SEPT. 13 · 1941

Thyssen Tells About Hitler and the Catholics

all We Draft American Women? *by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt*

crisp every spoonful!

An apple for the teacher . . . and orchids to Kellogg's Rice Krispies! It's magic, the way these tempting bubbles of wholesome rice put new sparkle into breakfasts. They're mouth-watering to look at—scrumptious to taste—extra delicious with fruit.

Think of the crispest thing you know; then double it. That's how crisp Rice Krispies are, first bite to last. Snap! crackle! pop! they sing out, the instant you pour on milk or cream. Flavor? You bet! Rich, tantalizing, utterly irresistible flavor!

For this truly different breakfast dish, thank Kellogg's unique flavor recipe. Thank "popping" in special ovens. And thank delicate toasting, too. For brighter breakfasts at your house, start serving America's No. 1 rice cereal!

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for oven-popped rice.

DELICIOUS WITH FRESH, FROZEN, COOKED OR CANNED FRUITS

Now 6 CEREALS IN 1 PACKAGE!

Copr. 1941 by Kellogg Company

THE BEST ADVICE WE CAN GIVE YOU if you have to buy tires

IT seems to us that in times like these, industry can best serve both the nation and the public by complete frankness about its problems.

One important problem among many today is rubber supply, and the car owner is therefore asking: what effect is rationing going to have on my ability to get tires?

The fact is, to conserve rubber, the production of all tire manufacturers will be governed by defense priorities.

This does not necessarily mean that there will be a shortage. It is our opinion that there will be enough tires to go around — *if there is no hoarding and no waste.*

For this reason it is Goodyear's advice that *when you do have to get new tires, you buy top-quality equipment with an established reputation for long, safe wear.*

Among all the many lines that Goodyear makes, the combination that offers you the most mileage and *safety* per dollar is our first-line "G-3" All-Weather tire and the LifeGuard — the reserve safety tire inside an extra sturdy tube that takes the danger out of blowouts.

On the "G-3" All-Weather you get the time-proved All-Weather center traction tread with 19 feet of grip in every foot of tread.

In the current "G-3" All-Weather this sturdy tread is so toughly compounded, it averages THOUSANDS of miles longer tread wear than previous models.

You get also the known ruggedness of Goodyear low stretch Supertwist cord construction — a carcass with such long-lived resistance to fatigue it can usually be safely retreaded.

Write us for our new free booklet

"HOW TO MAKE YOUR TIRES LAST LONGER"

Address The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio.

Your Goodyear dealer knows tires as no one else can. His expert advice and skilled service including retreading, will add many miles to the life of your tires.

• • •

By equipping your "G-3" All-Weathers with LifeGuards, you can drive your tires far longer than you normally would, for with LifeGuards you eliminate all danger from blowouts or other tire failures at speed. Every mile you drive with LifeGuards is safe, no matter how thin you wear your tires.

If your present tires are still good, equip them with LifeGuards to prolong their life. But if your tires are "shot" your wisest buy is "G-3" All-Weather casings with LifeGuards. With this world standard equipment on your wheels, you can forget about rubber for a long, long time to come.

How the LifeGuard functions when installed in your tire.
TIRE BLOWS OUT!
TUBE COLLAPSES!
SAFE ON LIFEGUARD!
THIS IS THE LIFEGUARD

All-Weather, LifeGuard, Supertwist — T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Salute to a soldier just off the train from camp. In transporting soldiers, big guns and other equipment American railroads play...

...a key role in defense. So today, more than ever, railroads need safe, economical lubrication. That's why 150 American railroads vital to National Defense use Sinclair lubricants. It will pay you to...

...keep that in mind now that you may need longer service from your car. Keep it Sinclair lubricated for extra miles of use, fewer repairs and smoother riding.

MONTANAN WANTS WHEELER REPRIMAND

LEWISTOWN, MONT.—Referring to the August 2 Liberty editorial entitled A Reprimand for Mr. Ickes, I agree with you that such utterances are out of order in the present emergency but believe that you could with equal justice apply this advice to Mr. Lindbergh, Senator Wheeler, Senator Nye, and others of like ilk. In fact, if you substituted any or all of the above names for that of Mr. Ickes in the last paragraph of your editorial the advice would be very applicable. Thousands of people here in Montana, many of whom voted for Wheeler at the last election, are ashamed every time he pops off.—*N. E. Ferrell.*

CAN'T BE ISOLATED

KLAMATH FALLS, ORE.—There is not at this time the least chance for the people of the United States to live in a state of isolation from the rest of the world, even if we so desired.

Ever since the Spanish-American War period we have steadily grown into a leading nation, a world power. While I do not like the phrase "a world power," yet for lack of a better term I shall have to use it in its correct meaning of "a power for liberty and justice among the nations of the world."

Since the turn of the century we have been living in a world of rapid development. Speed in transportation, electrified communication, and a quickened, broadened knowledge of what is going on in the world have made of the whole a comparatively small neighborhood of nations.—*William G. B. Chase.*

ADOPT THAT CHILD

GROVE CITY, PA.—Vox Pop for July 12 has a letter written by Mrs. Alvin Koeller in which she says you must have a fortune to be able to adopt a child.

My wife and I adopted one twenty-five and a half years ago who is so proud of us he writes me twice a week since my wife died and he has placed a stand-

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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POP

ing order for flowers on her grave every holiday.

I am a mechanic and never was wealthy, but managed to care for him through sickness and accidents, and claim we were better off by having him. So I would say, don't hesitate—get that child.—*L. H. A.*

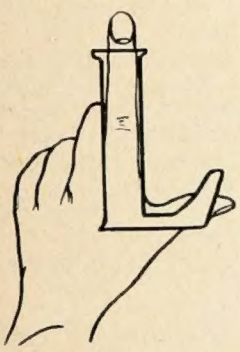
LEFT OUT "PLEASE"

BROOKLINE, MASS.—
Editor Dear, how could you do it?
Eventually I'm sure you'll rue it!
This callous thoughtless shifting of the text?
This thin-leafed quest for what comes next?
Hadn't we folks enough to stand
Without this apparently callous cool demand,
This calm insouciant reminder:
"Continued"! Gosh! The weary finder
(Or maybe he has hurled it hence!)
Moans, "Huh! *For this I paid five cents!*"
That streamlined reading! At one crack
It's gone! But—psst!—*it will come back!*
P.S. Still, this has pow'r to appease:
At any rate, you left out "Please"!

M. L. Upton

L FOR VICTORY

SCARSDALE, N. Y.—I have read with great interest and sympathy the news dispatches from London telling of the V for Victory campaign on the European continent.



The raising of the index and middle fingers of the right hand in greeting, thus forming a V, probably will not become general, because it does not quite reflect the attitude of the average American.

The love of our own country comes first, and it is in our own fate that we are primarily concerned.

May I therefore suggest a greeting that is purely American? Raise the right hand with the index finger pointed upward, and the thumb extended sideways at right angles. To the person greeted, the thumb and finger form a capital L. L for Liberty—our aim, our hope, our precious heritage. I should like to hear what Liberty readers think of this idea. Let them write to Vox Pop giving their views.—*Paul Sascha.*

KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Young Bill, my son, seems to have developed a preference

"They lift 'busy day' dinners out of the rut,"

says MRS. FRED ALLEN

(known to radio as Portland Hoffa)

Radio virtually makes every day a "busy day" for Mrs. Fred Allen, one of the first to discover Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts. "They make a 'busy day' dinner as tempting and delicious as one that requires hours of preparation," says Mrs. Allen. This is one of her suggestions: Hot cream soup, Swift's Premium Frankfurts, fresh fruit salad (melon balls, bananas, raspberries, on endive) and rolls and beverage. (Simmer frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve.)

SWIFT'S PREMIUM
Tender FRANKFURTS
IN THE NEW LARGER "dinner" size

Made of fine meats — skillfully seasoned

After all, the meats inside *make* the frankfurt. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

Skins "tendered" in pineapple juice

Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins *couldn't* be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires

In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" . . . emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored . . . "fit for a king!"

In 2 sizes...Swift's Premium Seal on every fourth link

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Luncheon Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

READY NOW!

Gary Cooper
Sergeant York

A NEW WARNER BROS. SUCCESS

WALTER BRENNAN · JOAN LESLIE · A HOWARD HAWKS PROD'N

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS · *Original Screen Play by Abem Finkel and Harry Chandlee and Howard Koch and John Huston* · *Music by Max Steiner*

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE EXACT DATE OF HIS SHOWING

for Liberty and usually chooses that magazine from his collection of books and magazines. His picture was snapped

as he pulled it from the table.—*Mrs. Charles T. Gieg.*

WANTS RUSSIAN NEWS

WATERLOO, IA.—Inside Germany Today, by Wythe Williams, is the kind of reading I like. Tell us more about Europe. How the Russian women are fighting with the men, also how and why Stalin has proved difficult for Hitler.—*W. H. Whitelock.*

UNION NOW

TOLEDO, OHIO—Doesn't Clarence K. Streit (August 9 Liberty) know that Union Now has already taken place?

A great king of a great nation marries a very charming lady of another grand country—so there you have all the Union Now that there ever should be.

Edward VIII is the rightful King of England today before God and all right thinking fair, square, and honest men of the world. And how she needs her real King today, with his ideas, his personality and charm, and his natural radio voice to talk to his people and to the world!—*A. D. Grant.*

ENGLAND'S CHANCE

JACKSON, MISS.—I'm just an average working American, and like millions of others would like to know why, after two years, England is not now able to supply or furnish with arms an army large enough to cope with only one fourth or less of the German army that now is in France.

When do they expect a better chance than now? Or do they mean to wait on another A. E. F. of millions to once more aid them?—*O. M. Zenor, Jr.*

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE will be found on page 43

FIRST LACK OF DEFENSE

You hear a lot today about a shortage of aluminum.

You hear of bottlenecks in the defense industry . . . of a scarcity of planes and tanks.

But one of the greatest deficiencies in our national defense is a white crystalline powder—a tasteless, odorless, colorless food ingredient that is as vital to our national strength as battleships or TNT.

This ingredient is Vitamin B_1.

• • •

WITHOUT VITAMIN B_1, human muscles tire easily, the brain does not think well, appetite fails, we become moody, sluggish, even lose courage.

The strength of the nation lies in its man power, and the power of men, we have come to know, depends to a great extent upon Vitamin B_1. A national deficiency in this essential, therefore, means a serious shortage in national energy—and we *have had* a national deficiency!

American bakers now have ways to supply Vitamin B_1 and other members of the B-complex "family" plus food iron in "*Enriched Bread.*"

You will find "*Enriched Bread*" so labeled regardless of who the baker is who bakes it. This is the signal to you that this *white* bread has been given certain qualities of the whole-wheat grain heretofore lost.

This "*Enriched Bread*" looks and tastes exactly like ordinary white bread, yet it adds to *your* diet precious food elements that everyone must have.

WHERE YOU SEE "*Enriched Bread*" displayed, where you see "*Enriched Bread*" advertised in counter and window signs, those bakers and grocers are contributing to our national strength.

This advertisement is approved by the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Dept. of Agriculture. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Liberty.

THE *MAGIC* FOODS

"Man does not live by bread alone." But it takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add anything else you like—which agrees with you—to your table.

MILK—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein and calcium. "Irradiated" milk—for Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

EGGS, lean meat and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-complex vitamins; eggs and lean meat also for iron.

GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables—for Vitamin C, Vitamin A and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

BREAD, whole grain or enriched, for Vitamin B and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure more abundant health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

Know your M's

1. This is a **M**____

2. This is a **M**_____

3. This is a **M**_____

4. This is a **M**____

5. This is a **M**_____

6. This is **M**_____ **&** **M**____
The whiskey that's Mild, Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Moose;* 2, *Marimba;* 3, *Mastiff;* 4, *Maple;* 5, *Mantis;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored 6 right, you're a genius; 5, terribly bright; 4, superior; 3, good; 2, fair; 1, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you guessed right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

SEPTEMBER 13, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 37

FATE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR

☆ ONE night Ludwig van Beethoven sat at a desk in his attic. He was bent over a sheaf of papers, concentrated, like a man out of the world. Suddenly there came a brusque knocking at the door. A startling sound—three quick knocks and one prolonged. The composer leaped from his chair. He tore open the door and stared into the darkness. Then he saw the face of an old friend who had merely dropped in for a midnight chat. For a moment the startled Beethoven was unable to speak. Then he said:

"So pocht das Schicksal an die Thür!"

Thus Fate knocks at the door!

Those were the words of the master as he stood at his open door. He had been deeply shaken by the sudden knocks—three short and one prolonged—which had broken his mood. The sounds haunted his soul. Soon he sat himself down and wrote the incomparable masterpiece of all music—a symphony born of the three short raps and the prolonged one upon his door—the immortal Beethoven's Fifth.

Uncounted millions have been startled by the four opening bars of that stupendous music—the full, strong, crashing attack of strings that strike upon the human soul in such majesty and fury that they seem to be the very voices of harmony and justice.

Now, it is an ironic circumstance that these sounds which Beethoven heard and which he sublimated into deathless beauty are also the sound symbols in the Morse telegraphic code for the letter V. All the world knows that the letter V has come to have a new meaning for every lover of freedom. Both in its visible form, as a letter of the alphabet, and in its Morse telegraphic sign, it is the means by which millions who love liberty are able to express their undying determination to be free, even when tyranny holds them in apparently helpless captivity.

So, today, in spite of all, the letter V is scrawled on the walls of German officers' houses in occupied Belgium. A man, rapping for a waiter in occupied Amsterdam, knocks the table with his knuckles—three times short and one time long. V is everywhere—smeared in tar on the sidewalks; put together in pebbles by children on the beach; and sometimes, devout French peasants say, the very clouds in God's heaven spread their fleecy arms in the symbol of coming victory.

All over the world they know about it. Wherever Germans and Italians and Japanese march, their eyes see the sight of it and their ears hear the sound of it. Before they are through, V for Victory will blind them. Before this war is over three short knocks and one prolonged will deafen their ears in the shouts of a free people.

This is not the first time that freedom has seemed to be at the very point of death. This will not be the first time that the forces of freedom overthrow the enemy. As the scriptures tell us, "In the end faith beareth away the victory."

The news may be bad today, but the news will be good, and soon. We who love freedom are going to win. We have found a rallying cry. Victory! Victory! The enemy shall see it and hear it unceasingly, and there shall be no place where he can obliterate the symbol or stop his ears against its sound.

However Hitler may encompass himself with guards and guns and all manner of defenses, he too shall hear it and see it. He shall tremble. He shall say to himself:

"Thus Fate knocks at the door!"

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READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Food for thought! . . . The First Lady explains and defends a startling proposal for national defense

☆ QUESTIONS such as these are coming to me today: "Do you really mean, Mrs. Roosevelt, that you think there must be conscription of the women of the country?" "Don't you think women will volunteer to do whatever they are asked to do?" "How dare you, Mrs. Roosevelt, suggest that the girls and women of the United States should be conscripted and used to break the labor standards of our country by doing forced labor as they have done in Germany?"

So there seems to be a slight misunderstanding as to my suggestion that it might be of value to conscript girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four for a year of training and service, just as we conscript boys to acquire the military knowledge which is necessary to the defense of the country and their own protection. At the same time, we hope, they will acquire some useful skills and traits of character.

I hear every now and again that I am suggesting the conscription of women as a whole, and that my suggestions for girls are nothing more than a way of producing cheap labor to compete with organized labor.

In the first place, I have never suggested that all women should be conscripted. That has never been suggested even for men. I am not foolish enough, however, to close my eyes to what happened in other countries, and, whether I like it or not, I must recognize the fact that women meet the needs of the countries in which they live in exactly the same way that men do. Even Nazi Germany, which set up such a howl about sending women back to the kitchen, has had to haul some of them out again and put them into industries and the professions. In England it was acknowledged long ago that women who had the desire and the capacity should take training and volunteer wherever they were needed—in munitions-making or in any other form of industrial work. Just lately it has been announced that they will be conscripted in certain age groups; and this is, of course, the inevitable recognition that when your situation becomes critical, whatever you do must be done as efficiently and as rapidly as possible.

Therefore, at such times we cannot have only volunteers. We must ask such people as are especially needed to submit themselves to conscription during the period of emergency.

Let us go back for a moment to my first suggestion about the girls of this nation. I think the girls of the country might be divided into three groups.

The first, or the extremely privileged group which can have all the education and training that it desires and may or may not be going to use it either to earn a living or to volunteer in some active form of service.

The second group, which may have both education and a fairly comfortable home, but which of necessity must prepare for future economic independence and must plan their training with the thought of earning their living in the future.

The third group of girls, who, through economic difficulties or geographical location, are lacking in educational opportunities and are apt to grow up facing a dearth of jobs or dead-end jobs because they cannot fit themselves for any skilled work.

It is obvious that for this last group a year of training, paid for by the government on the same basis as the draftees in the army are paid, would be helpful. This training could be obtained in their home localities, and at the same time it would be helpful to local institutions.

The danger of competition with organized labor would be slight; for, while the work which they might do during this year of training would benefit the community, it certainly would never be done by any people who were already skilled and ready to earn a full wage.

I have never suggested that girls be placed under military discipline in camps as boys are, but I have said that if they preferred a training which would require them to leave home, this might be arranged through the development of the present National Youth Administration resident centers, which are popular with both boys and girls and which do manage to give extraordinarily good training in many fields.

For the first group of girls, as for the second, there is comparatively little advantage to be obtained from the angle of better training. It is, however, an opportunity to develop a sense of responsibility for democratic citizenship through the willing gift of a year in some useful capacity in the community, which I think is an experience of great value in a democracy.

We have had it abundantly proved to us that many of us accept the benefits of a democracy without feeling very much the weight of responsibility of what is owed to that form of government by every individual citizen.

For the third group of girls this last consideration is equally important, and for all these groups it would provide a period of self-discipline which they might not obtain in any other way.

All of these groups would greatly benefit by the opportunity to make wider contacts on a footing of equality and to discover that most of us are made of the same clay and are likable or not, dependable or not, because of traits of character and not because of background, or privilege, or educational opportunity. This experience has been found valuable for boys for many years. Why should it not be equally valuable for girls?

There always has been a theory that a woman must lead a sheltered life within her home, and the man of the family must take care of her,

Shall We Draft American Women?

necessary for a long time for the mother and the children to contribute to the family budget; so why not start with better training?

So much for my feeling about the advantages of doing a year's service for this country before a girl takes up her lifework either as a wife or in a career. Refusal may not be possible, but a girl has a choice of what work she will do and how she will train herself.

Now as to the question of older women. Some writers throw up their hands in horror and say I have suggested taking women out of their jobs as breadwinners and conscripting them at this terribly low army wage. The facts are, of course, that I never have considered this for a moment.

Women who are already established in some form of work have gained a skill. They may need further training, and if so, they are sure to recognize it themselves; but they have had the discipline of holding a job, and all that can happen to them is what may happen to any other citizen, man or woman, in a democracy. The day may come when the government of that democracy, representing the people as a whole, will decide that the work they are doing is not as important as something else which they might do at that particular time and they may be asked to voluntarily submit to being drafted into something which seems more useful for the country as a whole.

I venture, however, to believe that they will be drafted, where they have skills or professions, into work which they already understand; because obviously it is the part of efficiency to use people to the best possible advantage, and if a woman has acquired a skill or a profession she will undoubtedly be more useful in that work than in any other. She may not be paid as much, however. When the government of a nation demands service from certain individuals, it rarely pays them as much as they can make in private industry. But it has become rather traditional amongst us to look up to the men who are willing to be dollar-a-year men and give those services which for the moment are needed by the people as a whole. Some people can accept a substantial reduction in earning power when they cannot completely volunteer their services. We admire and respect these men and women.

Call it conscription if you will. It is conscription in our own interest, because the preservation of this nation is the only thing which assures us that in the future we may go back to the kind of freedom we have known before and again be able to say we will work only if we receive such and such compensation and under such and such conditions.

I am a believer in organized labor. I am a believer in the rights of the worker. But any sane person knows that there come times when every one subordinates these rights to the good of the country as a whole.

That is all that I think may ever happen to either the men or the women of this nation. It lies in our own hands, when the emergency is over, to take back the rights which we have temporarily and voluntarily relinquished.

I am completely in accord with the plan which is now organizing Civilian Defense on a voluntary basis. We are not at war, and it is not absolutely compulsory on any one to render unusual service. The hope is that many people will volunteer for training and enter into organizations in their own communities which will prepare them for the needs of the future which may arise.

Even in war we may find that this voluntary method of accomplishing certain types of work is an entirely satisfactory method. I would only suggest that we remain open-minded; that we do not put on sackcloth and ashes and worry about something which has not happened because it does not yet need to happen and may never happen, but if the need arises we should be prepared to accept it.

THE END

where the economic situation makes it possible. I happen to know of so many women, however, who have been catapulted suddenly into a cold world where they had to take care of themselves, and sometimes of other people as well, that I have begun to think it is really an advantage to train young girls for this possibility. When the man cannot earn enough for the family needs, it has been

The dimples flickered. "You don't look so old," said Eunice Terry. Bill whooped.

READING TIME • 33 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Bill Mackenzie

A sprightly tale of a woman, two men, and an unpredictable thing called love

☆ FOR the first two or three years after Marian Holmes and Geoffrey Lane were married, people talked about Marian and Bill Mackenzie. Both Geoff and Bill had been in love with her since they were all in their teens, and in the year of 1934—a big marrying year for the younger set of Hendon—she made her choice. Sally Carter insisted that Marian married Geoff because she was sure of Bill's devotion and fidelity and not so positive of Geoffrey's. When Bill appeared at the altar as best man opinion was divided. He and Geoff had been friends since childhood; most people claimed that he was merely living up to the American tradition of being a good loser. Sally said there was a big difference between a good loser and a lost ball.

People talked. It was not true that Bill went with them on their honeymoon. They had an autumn wedding, and Bill did join them in Vermont for skiing before they came home, but they had been married for at least two weeks. The three of them returned to Hendon together, and Bill, being an architect, naturally was the one to supervise and plan the remodeling of the old farmhouse which they bought. During the first winter they pored over blueprints, discussed heating plants and water systems and gardens and furniture. In the spring they began construction, and the three of them seemed inseparable. You saw them in Bill's tan roadster, with Bill at the wheel and Marian's bright curly head level with the top of his shoulder on one side and Geoff's on the other. Or they rode in Geoff's yellow roadster, with Geoff driving, and Marian laughing and chattering in the middle.

"Here come the bride and grooms," Sally Carter announced at the opening of the Hendon Country Club that spring.

People looked up, with the veiled curiosity which a bride always inspires, at Marian, radiant in a filmy white dress, between the two six-foot young men—Geoffrey with his dark eyes amused and sardonic, and Bill bland and serene and unaware of any

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

and the Stainless Siren

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

undercurrents. Not that any one thought there was anything really *wrong* between Bill and Marian. It simply did not seem natural for three young people to be so happy together.

Peter Lane was born in the spring of 1936, and Bill paced the hospital corridor with Geoffrey and automatically become "Uncle Billy." He became an uncle again two years later, and what between being a surprisingly successful architect and a completely successful uncle, he had no time left for anything else. Anything like finding a girl of his own and getting married to her.

A community comes to accept any situation when it goes on long enough. After five years people said "Marian and Geoff and Bill" with the same inevitability you'd say, "New York, New Haven, and Hartford." Sally Carter married Tom Harrison, and made fewer cracks about everything, the Lane-Mackenzie trio included. Finally it was only the new girls growing up each year and eying Bill with interest, because he was young and attractive and unmarried, and the strangers visiting Hendon, who commented on the relationship.

Bill's mother did not comment upon it, except occasionally, privately, to Bill's father. The other two Mackenzie boys had grown up and gone to New York City to live. It was good to have Bill at home, and certainly he was carving out a career for himself in Hendon as well as he could have done in New York. She never said anything to Bill himself beyond vague murmurs that sometime he ought to think about getting married. Every Sunday he had a noonday dinner with Geoff and Marian, and when he returned home, full of stories about Peter and Wendy, sometimes she would say that he ought to have children of his own.

"I couldn't be any fonder of my own than I am of Pete and Wendy," he told her once, and that night, in their bedroom, Alice Mackenzie blew up to her husband.

"It isn't right, Sam!" she said angrily. "That little towheaded snippet keeping Bill on a chain, the way she does!"

"Oh, come, Alice," Sam protested. "It isn't Marian's fault."

"You think it isn't? Marian's a clever and unscrupulous little female. She gives him just enough rope so that he never feels the pull, but she yanks him back if he strays too far."

"You wouldn't be imagining things?" her husband suggested.

Bill's mother shook her head. "It isn't natural and it isn't healthy. Bill's almost twenty-eight years old, and he's become a sort of sublimated uncle, a vicarious husband."

Sam Mackenzie blinked. "You don't mean you think there's anything—not aboveboard going on, do you?" he asked.

"I'd feel a lot better about it if I thought there was!" she snapped, and he laughed.

"The things you say!" he murmured.

"*Uncle Billy!*" she exclaimed. "Is he a man or is he an uncle?"

"H'm-m," said Sam. "It is kind of funny, at that, that Geoff doesn't object."

(Continued on page 37)

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

What Happened to this Year

BY YANKEE STADE

☆ AS the World Series looms up, it is pleasing, at least to Old Yankee Stade himself, to announce that he has had a very good year. For once, practically all of his preseason predictions about rookies have come true—although Fate did slip over a couple of fast ones and at least one sinker on the old boy.

The fast ones were Elmer "the Great" Riddle, who at this writing has won twelve games and lost only two for the Reds, and Frank "Creepy" Crespi, who has plugged that hole in the Cards' infield. The sinker was this guy Wakefield, whose ma took him out of college and sold him to the highest bidder for 45,000 golden bucks. But then, in the spring of 1941 Yankee Stade had never heard of Dick Wakefield. Hardly anybody else had, either. Creepy and Elmer, however, are horses of another color, and in each case the horse is on Yankee Stade. So he won't fall back on the technical defense that, since both were around last year, they aren't really rookies.

Aside from predicting that Ernie White would be the best of the Cards' young pitchers—which he was—about all Old Oracle Stade could find to say about the St. Louis Nationals was that "they are coming up with a huge assortment of minor-league players" and that some of these would perforce crash the regular line-up. It never occurred to him that Creepy Crespi, a good enough filler-in during the last weeks of 1940, would be one of the crashers! Riddle, on the other hand, in the ninth inning of the first game of the World Series had forced Hank Greenberg to foul out, and then had thrown three strikes apiece past Rudy York and Bruce Campbell. Yankee Stade must have been cleaning his specs when that happened!

But, on the whole, the going *was* pretty good for him. You may recall his discussion in Liberty last March of the four most ballyhooed rookies of the spring training season—Novikoff and Stringer of the Cubs and Priddy and Rizzuto of the Yanks. He said Novikoff, for one, might be better for a year on the bench but, being a left fielder and a power hitter, would get his chance. Well, Novikoff did get it, and is back in the minors. And Priddy, still probably the best ballplayer of the four, is on the bench.

Let's take the Yankee pair first. Yankee Stade said last spring: "If I were Joe McCarthy, I would solve that infield problem by starting John Sturm at first, Joe Gordon at second, Frankie Crosetti at short, and Red Rolfe at third. Then I would duck into the Yankee dugout and stay there until the fans stopped heaving pop bottles at me for not starting Gerry Priddy and Phil Rizzuto, 'the greatest second-base combination of all time.'"

Now, Yankee Stade made this stab at grandstand managing simply because he knew what pressure Joe McCarthy was under to put on a show which was almost surely doomed to failure, and also because he knew, as Joe did, that it would be better for Rizzuto and Priddy, as rookies, to watch big-league baseball for a while from the bench. Knowing this, it seemed only fair to speak up and give Manager McCarthy a chance to duck.

Joe ducked, all right; but he didn't duck in the direction indicated. He started Priddy and Rizzuto, and prayed for the best. By so doing, he saved his own life and a few thousand shekels at the box office—but he lost a lot of ball games.

It just wasn't in the cards for both the boys from Kansas City to break in at the start of the season. The Yankees weren't an old team. The club didn't need replacements. It

needed to pull itself together. Left to himself, McCarthy would undoubtedly have let the two new men sit and ripen. But the successful debuts in recent seasons of several unusually spectacular freshmen, notably Feller and DiMag, had proved to the baseball moguls the box-office value of new names and new faces. So the pressure is on managers to go into the youth movement in a big way.

In the Yankees' case the effect was very nearly catastrophic. To make room for Priddy, Joe had to move Flash Gordon, great all-round second baseman, to first, where he had never been before; and to make room for Rizzuto he had to move Crosetti, great fielding shortstop, to the bench.

Result: with a rookie shortstop, a rookie second baseman, and a novice first baseman, the Yankee infield became a boulevard for base-hit traffic. Moreover, the kids, already nervous, scarcely hit their weight.

Second result: on May 16, after a five-game losing streak, the team took the field with the good old Yankee Stade formation—"John Sturm at first, Joe Gordon at second, Frankie Crosetti at short, and Red Rolfe at third." The Yankees won, and they have been winning ever since.

"It'll do Phil and Gerry good," opined McCarthy, "to watch big-league baseball for a while from the bench." It did. When Frankie Crosetti got hurt, Rizzuto went in and played a whale of a game. Meanwhile, Gerry Priddy, with nothing to do but practice, transformed himself into a third baseman and a good one, ready when the time comes to replace Red Rolfe, oldest man in the Yank infield.

Now for a look at what happened to Novikoff and Stringer. Yankee Stade saw these two in action during the training season, but if he hadn't he would have picked Stringer over Novikoff, sight unseen, for the simple reason that minor-league fielding reputations are much more dependable as gauges of a player's ability than minor-league batting reputations. Novikoff, in the minors, is indubitably a great hitter. He is proving it again with the Milwaukee Brewers. Over Novikoff as a fielder perhaps we should draw the veil. At this stage of his development he can't play the outfield according to big-league standards. In Chicago his failure was a tragedy for him and for the Cubs.

Stringer, on the other hand, didn't begin to hit his batting stride in the minors and hasn't yet done so in the majors; but, being an infielder, he doesn't need to. At fielding, of course, he is one of the greatest ground-covering second basemen since Napoleon Lajoie. As Yankee Stade told you, he is "a lad who can do everything with a baseball around second base except eat it."

Lou's achievement in snagging a regular berth for himself during his first season is all the more remarkable because he had to show enough ability to justify Manager Wilson's getting rid of Billy Herman, second baseman extraordinary and a great Chicago favorite, in return for a bundle of Larry MacPhail's cash. You may remember Stade's early-spring observation: "What Billy Herman needs is a change of scenery, and the Cubs need a new second baseman." Well, Chicago got the new second baseman all right, and good old Billy boosted his batting average in his first week in Flatbush from .193 to .300!

Stringer is not nearly so colorful as the other Lou. It would be foolish to say that alone he could rejuvenate the sinking Cubs. He can't play all the positions at one time—and most especially he can't play both second and first base. Yankee Stade remembers writing in his season's preview that first base was one of the Cubs' chief weaknesses. Apparently Jimmie Wilson felt the same way about it, for after thinking it over for a while, he sent all three men the Cubs then had back to the minors, and reached out for Babe Dahlgren, baseball's greatest fielding first baseman.

A rookie who didn't get so much preliminary publicity is Pete Reiser of Brooklyn, picked up by Larry MacPhail for the well known princely sum of $100. After watching Pete lead the league past the midway, Yankee Stade has little to add to what he said in March: "In Pete Reiser the Dodgers may have a player who will do more to help them win that pennant than $100,000 Higbe or $132,500 Medwick. Pete can hit, and he should make Brooklyn's a great outfield." He has not only done so but he has made the Dodgers a great team.

As for those sensational young Cardinal pitchers, magnificently coached by old Gus Mancuso, Yankee Stade had his eye on them as "promising" last spring, and still has. Besides Ernie White, Krist and Nahem look especially good for first-year men.

The Phillies have come up with two promising players, first baseman Etten and pitcher Podgiany. The Giants, as prophesied, have come up with nothing at all, unless, on further trial, young Bob Carpenter proves to be something. Most of the regulars on Casey Stengel's Braves are rookies anyhow, so why should he bother? And in the case of Frankie Frisch's "Jitter-Bugs" only the expected has happened.

"The Pirates aren't bringing up many rookies to make a noise about," wrote Liberty's Old Man Oracle. "An exception is Alf Anderson, star shortstop from Atlanta. If he lives up anywhere near to his advance notices, he is too valuable a man to be kept on the bench." When the great Arkie Vaughan was hurt, Anderson went in for him, and it looked for a while as if he'd stay. Look for a trade, come hot-stove time, Vaughan for a couple of pitchers and a bundle of cash. Then watch Pittsburgh go with rookie Anderson at short.

In the American League, outside of the Priddy-Rizzuto flurry in New York, most of the rookie excitement has centered in Detroit. Both Patrick Joseph Mullin and Dutch Meyer look as if they might develop into big-leaguers. Ranking even in the Tigers' season is the development of a really good relief pitcher in Al Benton.

The young pitchers of the rich Red Sox have shown the promised improvement under the expert catching of Frankie Pytlak and a surprisingly improved Johnnie Peacock. Cronin also seems to have come up with an important addition to his weak mound staff in Dick Newsome.

The other American League clubs have little or nothing to report from the rookie front. On the other hand, there is much encouraging news of second-year men. Several of the boys who were given up for lost in 1940 are showing encouraging signs of life. Roy Cullenbine of the Browns, one of Judge Landis' remittance men and later a fugitive from the MacPhail gang, has been well up in the first ten in the batting averages all season. Benny McCoy, who collected $40,000 from Connie Mack and then collected so few base hits *for* Connie, has been a better boy this season. Dom Dallessandro has at last lived up to his Coast League reputation. Jim Wasdell, who was a sleeper with the Senators, has waked up in Brooklyn. And Johnny Rucker is this year hitting them "where they ain't."

All of which should be very comforting to Mr. $45,000 Dick Wakefield, who, after the biggest ballyhoo that ever greeted an oncoming rookie, has been farmed out to the Winston-Salem club in the Piedmont League for much needed seasoning.

THE END

Rookies?

Does big-league fandom love them in September as it did in May? Well, let's look at the record!

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ FOR many months, now, we have been feverishly straining to protect ourselves; yet we have been able to give our million or so of soldiers but little more than the bare essentials of basic military training. And it has cost us $1,000,000 every hour, day and night. In six months, one hundred and eighty days, it cost us $4,320,000,000 at least.

No American who knows anything of the history of our nation can believe we shall continue to pay such tremendous sums to maintain the army. Rather than do so—and the OPM is even now beginning to worry about it—we would turn to peace-at-any-price policies. We would return to utter unpreparedness, and risk—and take—the consequences: slavery.

Some less costly method, then, will have to be resorted to. For whether or not we are drawn into the present World War, we shall be forced, for our own safety, to maintain such an army for a quarter of a century, if not longer. Nobody can doubt this, except fools who cannot learn from German history or believe their own eyes. And only scoundrels trying to undermine our freedom can deny it.

The first World War showed that all our previous means—West Point, the Regular Army, the militia methods, the National Guard, and our military schools—were inadequate to provide such an army as modern war required. The great bulk of the common soldiers in that war had to be gathered by the draft, and had to be trained in great camps at enormous cost to the government.

As the only practicable way to provide the officers and noncommissioned officers, the government had to resort hurriedly to General Wood's Plattsburg plan—gather men already academically educated and give them only as much military training as was deemed the minimum essential. Later, universities, colleges, and academies voluntarily established military training. In these supplementary military schools the government paid only the relatively small cost of the students' military education.

With the return of peace, our huge army was cut to a fraction. It nearly disappeared. And nearly all methods of providing another, should the need for it arise, were abandoned. Now, to meet the present emergency, we have had to return to the first World War's costly and hardly adequate expedients.

What shall we do? What system shall we use? It must be one to which the nation is already far committed or accustomed. For a free nation will not depart from its customs and traditions even when it is under as great stress as ours is today. Let us see what our customary system has been.

We reorganized the United States Military Academy at West Point after the War of 1812 had shown the government that army officers needed not only military training but also more than a common-school general education. For half a century, in our small wars, the Academy filled the bill.

When the Civil War made its demands, the federal government added the land-grant colleges. They and West Point, augmented by private, municipal, and state military colleges and academies that sprang up in ever increasing numbers—sometimes with and sometimes without competent army instructors—and by the development of the militia into National Guard units, met our military needs for another half century. In this period two swift, scientifically prepared, and successful German wars in Europe, and the scandals of our own war with Spain, turned the thoughts of our army leaders to the need of a better preparedness, of increasing the number of soldiers available in a crisis, and of imparting a higher knowledge of the science and art of war.

The better preparedness in numbers was accomplished in 1917-18 when the War Department put into effect General Wood's Plattsburg plan to train the necessary subalterns and noncommissioned officers, and the Selective Service draft to provide the common soldiers.

The army's perception of the need for better training in modern scientific methods of warfare resulted in the establishment of special schools for each branch of the service, and general schools for all branches, even to the latest "blitzkrieg" technique.

These Army Service schools carried, and now carry, military science and education far beyond the range of West Point, land-grant, private and state military schools, and all other means of teaching heretofore in effect. Indeed, the Army Service schools make all these other institutions, West Point included, mere preparatory schools. Also, educated, capable, ambitious officers and noncoms have come into our army from military and nonmilitary colleges and academies, to outnumber the graduates of West Point. During the first World War one Texas college furnished more officers than West Point.

From all sources our Army Service schools today create our army's higher leaders. Of the eight or nine highest officers and commanders, the chief of staff included, only two or three are West Point men.

After the first World War the Plattsburg scheme, and military training in civilian and military colleges, were definitely fixed by law and practice in the R. O. T. C. and the C. M. T. C.

In all stages of our progression through these military schools, our first and most urgent need was of officers who could give the basic training to plain soldiers. This led us, and the military schools, to lay emphasis

Harvard R. O. T. C. members on the march during a review.

To Save Billions In Defense

A distinguished soldier offers a common-sense plan for economy in training tomorrow's army

BY LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD

only on those graduates who had become officers, and to be silent about the greater number who had not, but who had none the less received much or all of the basic training of the soldier.

We thus for the most part neglected a numerous, valuable product of our military schools, men of basic training as plain soldiers who had not developed into officers. The writer's sixty-two years of military service and study, during which he has found such men in the Regular Army, the National Army, the National Guard, and among the volunteers—men of high quality and in large number—have convinced him of the importance of this neglect.

A young Reserve officer recently called to the colors declared he was one of a class of 350. Twenty men of this class were selected for the R. O. T. C. Only twenty! "Three hundred and thirty men didn't make the R. O. T. C.," he said. "But they did get good military training." Another officer was one of eighty going into the R. O. T. C. Eighty out of 500!

Somewhat similar proportions doubtless hold good in all or most of our many military colleges with their great enrollment. Thousands have been turned away, and doubtless thousands more will be this fall.

Altogether one sees a sad neglect of a great and valuable defense asset!

About fifty years ago we tried to make soldiers of our "G-string" Indians. It was a sad flop, quickly abandoned. They lacked one essential—education. For the first World War we took in many uneducated backwoodsmen, mountaineers, and the like. Remember the unfitness, the ineptness of a lot of them? And the machine warfare of today requires machinists. They are not to be found among backwoodsmen. An education is necessary today to make even the plain soldier.

Thus, from the War of 1812 and the reorganization of West Point down to date, whenever we have had to build up a capable army, we have turned to combined academic and military education with the result that the military college has become a fixed part of our military system. But it has yet to be turned to full account in the production of large numbers of plain soldiers of basic training.

Now before us is this "million-dollars an hour" expense of producing a million soldiers only basically trained, and beside it is our failure to develop our military schools and our neglect of their product, basically trained soldiers.

We should stop this waste.

Let us widen the scheme already in operation in the military colleges. Let us provide for all their trainees, as now for R. O. T. C. officers, the means or the encouragement to keep them in the Reserve for the time that may be necessary or proper. To the many military colleges now in existence let us add some 400 others lately reported as asking to have the federal government establish basic military training in them.

There are thousands of retired officers of the Regular Army and the Reserve who are doing nothing, and who are quite competent, willing, and even anxious to teach young men in such military schools—the Regulars at about one fourth increase on their present retired pay, and the younger Reservists at the low pay of junior officers.

This scheme could be put in operation at once. It would aid in our present way of making our army, though it could not give results in time to meet the now pressing emergency. For the immediate present we shall have to stick to the plan to which we are already far committed; but within a year or two the increased number of military colleges should be supplying all or most of the men of basic training we shall need.

This would quickly cut to perhaps one third that million-dollars-an-hour expense. And there are other reasons than economy for the enlargement of our military school system. The system fits in with the American idea of educating young men, and with the American objection to making soldiers of schoolboys. As I know from my long experience, parents are opposed to military drill for their sons until they are at least well prepared for high school, and resist all efforts to impose such training on them; but when the boys are verging on military age and ready for college, both parents and sons will accept, along with the higher education for which they pay, military training provided by government.

This reduces the government's expense in producing basically trained soldiers. The government pays only for a small military personnel and armament. It does not pay for college buildings, grounds, academic instruction, nor for the flying lessons given in such schools as may be close to an airfield.

The system does not break the course of a young man's academic or civil education, as would training or enlistment in the army. It fits in with the American scheme of continued education. And it appeals strongly to the average American boy, since to young men who prove their fitness it offers a widespread opportunity to achieve authority, leadership, glory.

It takes advantage of the educational facilities, already widely enough existent, to provide personnel with basic soldier training for a great national army. And, although this is not its purpose, it would greatly aid civil colleges and academies by increasing their prestige and attendance. Moreover, it would soon wipe out the shame felt by the nation because of the fact that 40 per cent or so of our young men are rejected in all our Selective Service procedure because of physical defects and physical unfitness. Military drill, moderated exercises, recreation, regular hours, regular living, plenty of sleep, and the absence of overdone athletics result in bodies that are healthy and strong, as well as minds that are alert.

The trainee is adapted gradually to final requirements. He receives his basic training in surroundings and under conditions more favorable because not so straining, so hurried, nor in the midst of such a trying change in life and custom as is experienced by the draftee.

Finally, the system conforms to the public demand, which has been growing, to call the younger men to the service first, and to defer the older.

THE END

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I PAID HITLER'S WAY TO POWER

Has Hitler

Fritz Thyssen says the Young Plan, calling for reparations payments in money, was one cause of the Nazi upsurge, and says he financed the Nazi Party because he believed the Plan meant catastrophe. He became a Party member late in 1931. Already he had found the Nazis "congenial and sensible." It was Göring who had made the favorable impression upon him. In Liberty last week he told how, through a subordinate, he first heard of one Herr Göring who was "trying to do some good for the German people," and how he paid for the enlarging of the Görings' apartment, that this benefactor might cut a better figure. (As he had said in the preceding installment, he now suspects that the Göring Works have specially profited from the confiscation of his properties, and he is certain that Göring has stolen paintings, etc., from his home in Mühlheim.)

He protests that his contributions to the Nazi Party have been greatly overestimated. All told, he gave 1,000,000 marks, he says; other voluntary gifts from heavy industries would add up to much more. He acknowledges that he did, by chance, afford Hitler an invaluable opportunity, in 1932, to address and impress a meeting of Rhenish-Westphalian industrialists. He says he thought, as the Hohenzollerns evidently did, that Hitler's taking office as Chancellor was in truth, as Hitler had so plainly intimated, a mere preliminary to restoration of the German monarchy.

Thyssen hoped to head off state ownership and control of heavy industry by getting a co-operative compromise, the corporative system, adopted. The Nazis said it would be, and chose him to prepare for it; upon their rise to power Hitler promised him that within eight days it would be established throughout the Reich. And then it was speec ly ditched, and its opponent, Robert Ley, and his "corruption-permeated" Labor Front triumphed. "I was a fool," says Thyssen the refugee, "to believe that Adolf Hitler was sincere."

Hitler once amused him by telling him the playing of orchestral pieces by Jewish composers was as unthinkable as that he, Hitler, should fall in love with a Jewess. The fact was, he says, that whenever Hitler looked at a woman at all she was sure to be a Jewess.

☆ THE National Socialists never had a real economic plan. Some of them were entirely reactionary; some advocated a corporative system, such as I tried in vain to prepare; others represented the viewpoint of the extreme left. In my opinion, Hitler has failed because he thought it very clever to agree with everybody's opinion. At any rate, the present nature of National Socialist economy has necessarily led to war. It will also lead Germany to complete bankruptcy.

Hitler had an unprecedented opportunity to create something entirely new. However, besides the fact that he knows absolutely nothing about matters economic, he cannot even fully understand his economic advisers. He is impulsive and always follows his last impressions, but he is not energetic. His constant worry has ever been to keep himself in power. In addition to this, he believes that he alone is a great man and all others nonentities.

What we witness today in German politics, as well as in German economy, is a manifestation of the Prussian spirit. To be sure, Hitler himself is an Austrian; but his entourage is entirely Prussian, and Prussian in the worst possible sense. Indeed, it consists mainly of corporals. It takes a good deal of knowledge of Prussian history to realize what the idea of a Prussian corporal implies. It means the transfer of the Prussian barrack yard and the corporal's routine floggings of new recruits into the fields of politics and economics. Thus the whole population are being oppressed by means of terrorism, even if they have done nothing to deserve it. People must be taught what awaits them if ever they should take any liberties! This is why no one in Germany dares to criticize anything.

In the early days of the regime a Supreme Economic Council was created. But it held but a single session; it was never called together again. The administration of Germany's economy was subsequently distributed among the different national vocational groups (*Reichsstände*). These exert a great influence. However, they are under the leadership of men who are either Nazis or entirely subservient to Nazis. At the head of the National Industrialists' Group is Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, who now plays the part of a super-Nazi. Among the higher officials of that group there also was, for some time, Geheimrat Kastl, who was one of the leading men of the former National Association of German Industries. Kastl was formerly a Jew. He suffered many vexations on this account, but today he is again a much respected lawyer in Munich. Indeed, everything is possible with the Nazis. They are capable of calling back tomorrow the Jews whom they ousted only yesterday.

How Göring Made a Simon-Pure Aryan Out of General Milch

Göring himself once told me about the great quarrel he had on account of one of his collaborators who, it was said, was of Jewish origin. This was no other than the present head of the air force, Air Marshal Milch. Göring told me that he had invited to his house all those who had started the quarrel; that he had addressed them in an impetuous speech, telling them, "I myself decide who is a Jew and who is not, and that's all there is to it." But, despite this dictum, the fact remained that Milch had Jewish blood. However, to get around the difficulty, it was simply stated that his mother, who is not Jewish, had conceived him out of wedlock. This is typical of the way in which things are being settled in Germany when no other way out is left. Thanks to a mother's alleged adultery, the world is presented with one more 100-per-cent Aryan.

As the G. P. U. rules in Russia, so the Gestapo rules in Germany. It is a dangerous game, the game that is being played by Himmler, the supreme head of the Gestapo, and next to him by Heiderich, who makes a practice of operating in the dark, although his official power is very great. It has come to the point where even Hitler is afraid of the Gestapo. Those scoundrels know how to turn this to account. They constantly tell him that they must protect him, and they protect him so well that he is almost their prisoner.

Indeed, Hitler is not at all what he seems to be. He is not a daredevil like Göring; he constantly fears for his own security. What the

ewish Blood?... His Attitude Toward Catholics

Did Dollfuss die because he uncovered Der Führer's secret ancestry?—New revelations in a remarkable series

BY FRITZ THYSSEN

Schuschnigg, faced by his terrible adversary, was deprived of his one weapon.

Gestapo does in order to "protect" him is beyond all imagination.

With Adolf Hitler everything is propaganda. Nazism has evolved entirely new methods of propaganda and has used them with great effect and with a profound knowledge of mass psychology. Yet Hitler despises the common people. He has no sympathy for the workingman and is entirely devoid of any social sense. What he does, he does not for the people but for publicity. His "social" policy, therefore, is fundamentally false.

Hitler even started this war for the sake of propaganda. I and many others took great pains to keep Germany at peace. But now, at this writing, not even the generals dare dissent. The Nazi terror imposes a fatal silence on all.

Did Churchill's Disclosures Nerve Hitler to Strike?

Hitler believed that neither England nor France would take any action regarding the invasion of Poland. It is true that, despite the consternation caused by his shocking breach of faith after Munich, some people in England still believed that peace could be maintained. They placed particular trust, it seems, in Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo, because he was a member of the Oxford Group and, by implication, a pacifist. Even so, Hitler would probably not have dared attack if Winston Churchill, then a mere member of Parliament, had not publicly revealed the incompleteness of British armaments in the air. It is on such terms as this that Germany's decisions are based.

It is, in any case, difficult for any foreigner to understand Adolf Hitler's character. Sometimes, indeed, his intelligence is astonishing. This peasant's son (for such, at least, he pretends to be) often exhibits miraculous political intuition, devoid of all moral sense but extraordinarily precise. Even in a very complex situation he discerns what is possible and what is not. It is hard to believe that the scion of an Austrian peasant family should be endowed with so much intelligence. One is less puzzled, perhaps, when one discovers an important gap in Hitler's ancestral line.

Official Evidence: Hitler May Have Had a Jewish Grandfather

According to the published records, Hitler's grandmother had an illegitimate son, and this son was to become the father of Germany's present leader. But an inquiry once ordered by the late Austrian Chancellor, Engelbert Dollfuss, yielded some interesting results, owing to the fact that the dossiers of the police department of the Austrian-Hungarian monarchy were remarkably complete. According to these records, the Führer's grandmother became pregnant during her employment as a servant in a Viennese family. For this reason she was sent back to her home in the country. And the family in which the unfortunate country girl (afterward Frau Schicklgruber) was serving was none other than that of Baron Rothschild. This circumstance throws a new light on the story. The Rothschilds, who in the course of a century have risen from nothing to the position of one of Europe's great families, certainly did not lack a foreseeing intelligence—at least, not in business! And it is this very type of intelligence that Hitler has been shown to possess in politics. Moreover, this presumed Jewish ancestry of Hitler might also give us a psychoanalytical explanation of his anti-Semitism. By persecuting the Jews, the psychoanalysts would say, Hitler is trying to cleanse himself of his own Jewish "taint."

Is This Why Dollfuss Died?

However this may be, Dollfuss prepared a document in which all these facts were established. After his assassination his successor, Dr. Schuschnigg, took possession of the document. Through his spies Hitler was informed of this compromising inquiry. When he asked the Austrian Chancellor to come to Berchtesgaden in February, 1938, he intended to get possession of the document. He began by ordering the arrest of Countess Fugger, Chancellor Schuschnigg's friend who later became his wife. The compromising document was then given to Baron von Ketteler, the secretary of the Führer's Ambassador in Vienna, Herr von Papen. It is quite possible that Papen took care to have the compromising papers photographed before having them carried to Berlin by Ketteler. It is clear that in these circumstances the unfortunate Schuschnigg, faced by his terrible adversary at Berchtesgaden, was deprived of his one weapon against him —the threat to publish the Dollfuss document which would have revealed Hitler's true origin to the world.

Incidentally, a copy of the document in question is said to be now in the hands of the British Secret Serv-

ice. At any rate, it may be presumed that the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss was connected with his inquiry into Hitler's genealogy.

How the Army Got Röhm Purged

Such details, which would fit admirably into a mystery story, explain many of the Nazis' foreign policy moves. Hitler's domestic policy, however, can be largely interpreted in the light of his relations to the S A. Because he did not succeed in disbanding, at the right moment, this Brown Shirt militia, he was never able to achieve a well ordered body politic. The Storm Troopers always maintained that it was their great merit to have demonstrated with Hitler in front of the Feldherrnhalle at Munich. This they considered a great deed of heroism. The situation eventually culminated in the June massacres of 1934. In these "purges" Hitler was obliged to order the murder of Röhm, the organizer of the S A, because he feared a conflict with the army was imminent. After Röhm's death the leadership of the S A was taken over by one Herr Lutze, a frightfully stupid fellow, certainly no "leader" for these gangs, over whom he had no control.

Strangely enough, the army took no further action once it had gotten rid of its chief enemy, Röhm. The generals considered his elimination to be sufficient and eventually became the faithful servants of the National Socialists. Only old General von Mackensen tried at first to protest. Now, however, his son is married to the daughter of the former German Minister of Foreign Affairs, the present "Protector" of Bohemia-Moravia, Baron von Neurath. The old general has been presented with an estate by the Reich. He persisted in his opinion that it was a reward for his services in the first World War.

Brauchitsch Had His Price—and Fritsch Was Smeared

Certain high officers have probably also been bought. The following story, for instance, is told about General von Brauchitsch. The general, who is over fifty years of age, had fallen in love with a young lady and wished to marry her. For this purpose he had to be divorced. But his first wife demanded a very high settlement for her consent. The general did not possess the means of satisfying her demands, for—in contrast to the Party—corruption in the army is still unknown. The Brauchitsch story was reported to Hitler. It was he who gave the general the needed sum. Hitler misses no opportunity of buying important people or their consciences.

General von Fritsch was known to be one of the most efficient officers in the German army. He was backed by a great number of high officers. Nevertheless, he was to be "liquidated." To achieve this, it is said, the head of the Gestapo personally reproached him with homosexuality. Fritsch, who denied it from the very start, was ordered to call at the Chancellery of the Reich, where he was to be unmasked in the presence of the Supreme Leader. There the "evidence" against him broke down. Even so, the Gestapo persisted for a long time in asserting that he was guilty. To rehabilitate him, a court-martial was summoned under Göring's chairmanship. Here Göring had an opportunity to win over the entire army by a few reasonable words. He did not say them, and ever since then his relations with the army have been strained.

It seems certain that General von Fritsch's subsequent death in Poland was suicide. I can at least say that, whatever the actual circumstances of his death may have been, he was anxious to die, not because of the abovementioned affair, after which he was completely rehabilitated, but simply because, to his utter grief, he eventually had to witness the entire army's submission to Hitler. He had never been a sincere follower of Hitler, and he was one of the generals who opposed an attack on Belgium and Holland. He must definitely be credited with having prevented Germany from occupying these countries before the actual outbreak of war. He was in despair when the attack on Poland began. He had always opposed it.

Hitler owes it to Himmler that a final solution of the S A question was reached. Himmler had created the black-clad S S organizations, and with their help he ruthlessly carried out the execution of thousands of S A men in June, 1934. Now Himmler is the most powerful man in Nazi Germany. He is everywhere and dominates everything. He has his own personal circle of industrialists. Director General Vögler, among others, belongs to this circle. Everybody in Germany is literally spying to find out who holds the greatest power at the moment, so as to become as close an ally of the powerful one as possible. And remember: Himmler and his aide, Heidrich, are more responsible than any one else for the crimes committed in Germany's concentration camps. It is sad indeed that so many great industrialists court the favor of the strongest, even when he is an executioner.

That "New Order" at Home—All Confusion and Corruption

There is no such thing as an administration with its center in Berlin. As regards internal order, Hitler has achieved exactly nothing. He thought it was very smart to build up a governmental system in which all the powers cancel each other out. Alongside the mayor of a city there always sits a Party functionary known as a *Kreisleiter* (district leader). And so it is with every important post. If the two men who have been put side by side agree, the situation is tolerable; if not, there is perpetual strife, which of course is harmful to the entire government structure. These pernicious conditions are unknown to the public.

Indeed, this mutual canceling out of forces is noticeable in all fields. Theoretically, for instance, the owner of a factory is also its manager; yet a representative of the Labor Front is put alongside of him, and unless he is bribed he constantly interferes.

The first National Socialist Minister of Economy, Dr. Schmidt, who had previously been one of the most esteemed honored insurance directors, and who later on was dismissed by the National Socialists, has given me several particulars on the subject. According to him, it is sometimes the Minister of Economy who governs, and sometimes some one else. The central power no longer functions at all. For two years the German Cabinet has not met. No directions are given anywhere. The only institution that exists today in Germany, in the place of order, is a colossal system of corruption.

Hitler's Pact with the Vatican: Why He Played a Double Game

The attacks of Nazism on the Catholic Church are more significant and very different in character from the attempt to domesticate Protestantism. Hitler, a Catholic born, was, if Mein Kampf is to be believed, an admirer of the political wisdom and prudence of the Catholic Church. At the beginning of the regime he endeavored to reach an agreement with the Church. He concluded a concordat with the Vatican. It was the first diplomatic treaty concluded by the new regime. Like the others, it was to be violated. But meanwhile Hitler saw a political advantage in the fact that the new and revolutionary National Socialist government was regarded as a reliable partner of one of the most respectable moral authorities of the world.

The Church mitigated its hostility to the new party in power in Germany, though without going back on the German bishops' condemnations of some of the Nazi doctrines. For about a year it seemed that the regime was disposed to keep loyally to its engagements. Hitler publicly declared that the anti-Christian works of Alfred Rosenberg were merely Rosenberg's own and could not officially commit the Nazi Party. Hitler, as usual, played a double game.

The crisis occurred in the summer of 1935. In our Rhineland, the anti-religious attitude of the young Hitlerite organizations and of their chief, Baldur von Schirach, had aroused much ill feeling among Catholic parents. The clergy had warned the population against the new spirit which the regime was trying to spread among the youth of the country. Further, a definite political discontent had begun to make itself felt. The Nazis saw with anxiety that former Social Democrats who had not frequented the Church during the republican era had now returned to the fold. In villages of the Westerwald, near Coblenz, young Catholic peasants had beaten up the pagans of Hitlerite organizations who were cele-

brating the Solstice. The tension was approaching the breaking point. In the whole of the Rhine provinces, a purely Catholic country, the atmosphere was stormy.

The Nazis imagined that this attitude of the Catholic population was merely a sign of political hostility. Göring launched his proclamation against political Christianity. It was not the religious question that was at stake, he affirmed. National Socialism respected all beliefs. But the enemies of the state were making use of religion to mask their designs. At the same time the Gestapo was instructed to inflict the most serious punishment on the young Catholics. This caused a considerable sensation, but there were no immediate results. The Catholics maintained their passive resistance.

His Frame-up Against the Clergy

The Nazi leaders then resorted to an infamous method to disqualify the Catholic clergy in the eyes of their congregations. On the strength of certain isolated facts to the discredit of a local community of lay brothers, they initiated a series of scandalous trials. The Party press began to publish incredible accounts of immoral affairs. Throughout the Rhineland the Party's lecturers wallowed in the most obscene details. At Düsseldorf a Reich attorney produced the vilest evidence, true or false, in such a way as to incriminate the clergy and the Church in general. The Nazi gauleiter, who was well aware of my Catholic convictions, refrained from inviting me to the hearings. The series of trials lasted for several months. The Nazis had the face to summon into court the old Bishop of Treves, Monsignor Bornewasser, and also Monsignor Sebastian, the Bishop of Spire, who was almost eighty. Buerckel, the sinister gauleiter of the Palatinate, publicly insulted the latter, whose patriotic loyalty was above suspicion. A Nazi court dared to accuse the Bishop of Treves of perjury. He complained to Chancellor Hitler and published his appeal in a letter to the Catholic population. But the whole action had been sanctioned by Hitler.

Meanwhile the increasing indignation of the Catholic population of the Rhineland caused the Nazi leaders to reflect. They did not want to provoke a revolt. They held up their trials—but not their attacks against the Church. Priests denounced by the Gestapo's secret agents were imprisoned. A young vicar in Essen, whose work lay mainly among the labor population, was accused of having conspired with the Communists and condemned to ten years in prison—at the very moment when Hitler was secretly negotiating with Stalin!

I have hope for the future development of Germany, as I have for that of all Europe. There will surely be something like a resuscitation of democracy. But I am of opinion that it will have to be accompanied by a revival of faith.

How Long Will Germans Believe In This Rabid "God" of Theirs?

The past century, it is well known, was largely an irreligious one. Scientists believed, after their great discoveries, that they could explain everything, both physical and metaphysical, and the masses believed in their scientists. Then, suddenly, came still more startling scientific discoveries. Man discovered that the smallest molecule, or electron, is a universe in itself. Einstein arrived with his theory of relativity. Suddenly people saw that we are further removed from truth than ever. Both Planck, the German physicist, and Huizinga believe that we must go back to faith. Planck, as is well known, is a friend of Einstein. Today most scientists are convinced that man has not succeeded in discovering all the secrets of the universe. Nothing remains, therefore, but to return to faith.

"My, but his father was excited!"

Among ordinary people this development, thus far, has had quite different results. Because they do not know now what they are to believe, and because they still *want* to believe, they do not believe in Christianity and they profess to believe only in a god whom they can see. And that god, in Germany, is Hitler.

I have no doubt whatever that a return to religion will come. For the German people will experience a great disillusionment with their god Hitler, who has made war not by reason of his genius but because he slithered into it. War, in the last analysis, came because nobody knew any longer what to do next. Hitler believed he could impress the German people with his attack on Poland and so force them into renewed admiration of their god.

What I had feared, and what I wanted to avert, has happened, after all. The total war against European civilization has begun, with all its devastating consequences for the west, including my own homeland, the region of the Rhine. The responsibility rests with the Nazi leaders, who are playing their last card. Their personal interest and the interest of their Party are not identical with the welfare of Germany.

In so far as I could I always gave my opinion openly, and I always tried to throw my counsel into the scales against war. The public imagines that heavy industry is always fundamentally in favor of a war because it makes good profits out of war. I maintained that the opposite was true. I was able to do this only because I was an industrialist and a Reichstag deputy at the same time. As an industrialist I would never have been permitted to utter my opinion.

Was Germany Really Ready to Wage Total War?

For both moral and political reasons I wished to avoid war, which I believed was not, in the existing circumstances, justifiable from the German side. What I tried to point out was that Germany was not prepared for war. Even if one adopts Hitler's own point of view, one must see that he committed a grave error; for he should never have carried out his war plans in less than five years, or even ten. This opinion of mine was shared by most of the higher officers of the army. They all wanted to proceed slowly with rearmament, and the current view was that Germany should have waited at least another five years. The young lieutenants, however, were imbued with the gambling spirit: they believed that the war against the great democratic Powers would be just as easy as the conquest of Poland proved to be.

But it is dangerous to lull the soldiers into false hopes. It is not enough to win a few battles; one must win the war. One should remember what a change was caused by the last great offensive of 1918 in the army's morale. Before that, the army's power of resistance was not shaken. After it everything was changed as if by a miracle. And the army of today is not the army of the World War of 1914-18. Its general staff no doubt is very good, but the officers' corps and the noncommissioned officers are a different story. All of them today are even less educated than they were in 1918. And it is very doubtful whether they will be equal to the emotional shocks which are a foregone conclusion in case of a long war.

What Good Are Planes Without Gas and Trained Pilots?

Germany's armaments, great as they may be, are by no means complete. In certain parts they do not, at this writing [spring of 1940], correspond to the ideas about them which are current in the world. In aviation, no doubt, a great deal has been accomplished. German aviation manufacture has gone very far; it is most likely the farthest advanced branch of German armament produc-

(*Continued on page 50*)

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

At the Feet of LI PO

A quaintly charming, meaningful tale of a boy and a girl in the midst of war

BY MANUEL KOMROFF

☆ THE very first building to be closed was the school. And those students who were of the age of Lin Chi, that is, sixteen or over, enlisted in the army.

His mother wept. "And now what will become of him?" she wailed. "He will grow up without learning."

But her sister said: "Lin Chi is a bright lad. In the army he will soon gain the stripes of a corporal and then the rank of a sergeant and in a year he will be a captain with a sword at his side. And then after that who knows? Lin Chi may even be a general!"

"Your words, my dear sister," said the mother of Lin Chi, "do not comfort me in the least. The name of a general is no glorious addition to our family. Do you remember when we were young and there was a war between Japan and Russia? Great battles were fought on our land. And could you tell me the name of one of the generals of either side? No. The name of a general is so easily forgotten."

While these two women were talking the young neighbor girl, Ping, was sitting close by and sewing. She heard everything.

About a month later Ping arrived at the barracks to see the lad Lin Chi. The officer in charge thought she was bringing food to this new recruit.

"It smells good," he said.

"It would give you indigestion."

Then she opened the cloth of her bundle and showed what she was carrying. It was books.

When she found Lin Chi she gave him regards from his mother and father and from his aunt and also from her own parents and her grandmother. And after telling him bits of interesting news and exactly how Jet, the old pet crow with the split tongue, curled up with rheumatism and died, she asked:

"What do you think was the last thing he said before he died? 'Hello, hello. Li Po will never die.'"

"Where did he learn that?" asked Lin Chi.

"We don't know." After a brief silence she asked, "Did you get my letter?"

"Yes."

"Well, here I am and I know just where to start. The schoolteacher is helping me."

"We have no time here for that sort of thing," protested Lin Chi.

"No time? Why no time? What else is there to do?"

"Other things."

"Nothing so important. You will come home with an empty head, and that is even worse than losing the war. I have arranged everything. The schoolteacher will teach me all the lessons and I will come here and teach them to you."

"We shall not be here long."

"Look for no excuses. Wherever you will be, I will find you. Now, no more talk. Sit down!"

She opened the cloth and drew out paper, books, and a small writing box containing ink and brushes.

"Even if you became a general," said Ping, "it would mean very little."

"A general—little?"

"You have read the history of the war between Russia and Japan?"

"Yes."

"Name one general. One on either side."

"I can't."

"They are not important. But our poet Li Po is important. When did Li Po live?"

"He lived in the early years of the eighth century. He drank much wine and he lived a wild life."

"And did he have many critics who were enemies of his work?"

"Yes; he had many."

"Name one."

"He had many."

"Name one."

"I can't."

"And so you may put the critics together with the generals. They make a big noise but their names are soon forgotten. And so now we will begin on the first lesson."

With these words she placed the brush in his hand and, opening one of the books, began to dictate.

When other soldiers came near the place where they sat, she waved her arm and with a cross look sent them off. But when it was time for Lin Chi to drill she had to let him go. She waited until he returned, and they continued with readings from the Five Ancient Classics.

"Now," she said, "these eight lines on this page you must memorize, for they are very famous and you may be asked to write them when you are examined."

"Examined?" asked Lin Chi in amazement.

"Yes. When you come out of the army you will not be a puddinghead and you will take your examinations in literature like every other decent person must do."

"But we are at war."

"What difference does a war make? There were wars before and there will

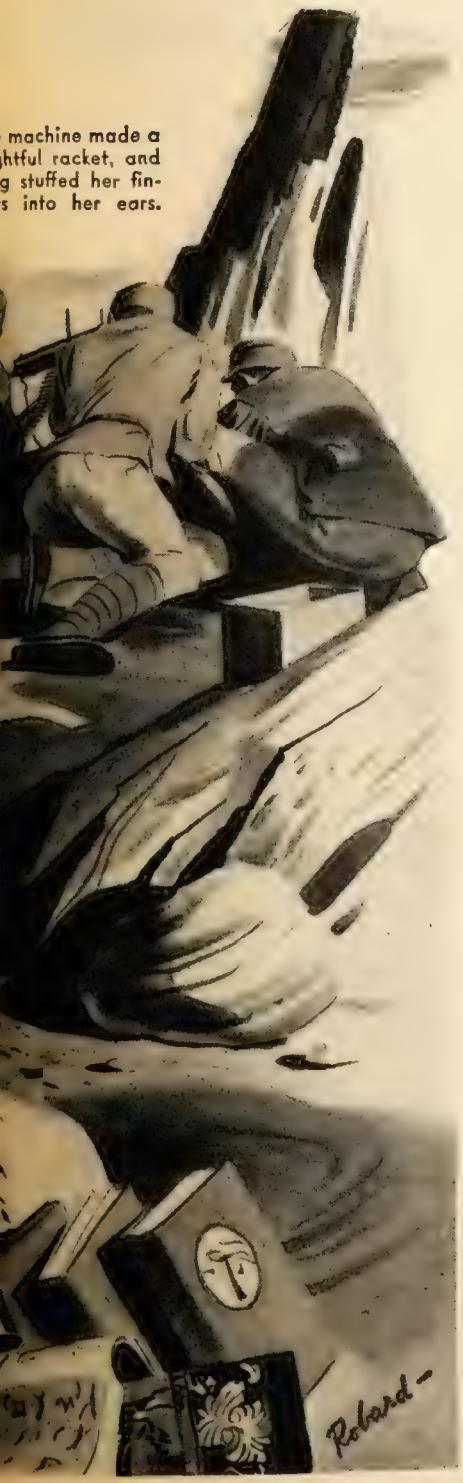
be wars in centuries to come. But literature is eternal. Who could kill Li Po?"

"This is ancient stuff. Life is different today. Machinery, science, fast communication, and . . ."

"Lin Chi!" she exclaimed. "I am ashamed of you, talking gasoline and power talk. Don't let them fill your head with cheap modern cogwheel ideas. I am surprised! Machinery is only an iron trick. In time it will rust and be buried as junk. And so you should repeat a hundred times: 'What is modern today is junk tomorrow!' "

She made him repeat this line several times. Then the trumpet sounded and she was required to leave.

"When will you come again, Ping?" he asked.



machine made a
htful racket, and
g stuffed her fin-
s into her ears.

"When? When I like. I won't tell you beforehand. As soon as the lesson is fixed in my head I will appear before you. In the meantime, learn your lesson and have it ready."

At first the other men made fun of Lin Chi and his books. But soon, with Ping's constant coming and going, they grew used to her presence and in time they even looked forward to her arrival.

One day, about seven or eight months later, there was a battle going on in the hills many miles away. By this time Lin Chi was a machine gunner, and he with his two companions had dug in on the side of a mountain which was named Brown Sugar.

There he was, and the company had come up after one or two skirmishes on a long march.

After the boys dug in, one of them remarked: "One thing is good on Brown Sugar. Here Lin Chi will not have to learn his lessons. Ping will never find him here."

But no sooner were the words out of his mouth when she cried out from behind the shrubs, "Here I am!"

"Hurry!" called one. "Come down quickly into this hole. You are apt to be hit."

"Me hit! Never," she replied. And she walked leisurely. She wore a little green embroidered jacket and pink silk trousers edged with mulberry-black braid.

"How are you, Lin Chi?" she inquired when she got into the place where the boys had their machine gun.

"We are well, as you see. But this is no time for lessons. We are here for business and may be opening fire at any minute."

"All right," she replied. "Go ahead and open your fire. That modern stuff can't last long. When you stop, I will review the last lesson."

After they ate the fish cakes and buns she had brought, Lin Chi thought it best to recite his lesson and get on with the matter, so that Ping might be persuaded to go home.

He recited, accordingly, from Kung Jung and Li She and also some prose paragraphs from the Classical Penal Code of the ancient Hsun Hsu. Then she asked him to recite that verse from the famous poet Li Po which begins with the tortoise.

He declaimed the line: " 'A tortoise I see on a lotus-flower resting,' " and then suddenly he stopped. "There!" He pointed. "Can you see them?"

"What is it?" asked Ping.

"Enemy! Black as roaches!"

"Wait until more come into range; for once we open fire, they will spot us," said one in the pit.

And while they waited for the "black roaches" to come into full view, Ping said: "Go on."

" 'A bird among the rushes and reeds is nesting.' "

"That is correct," said Ping. "Go on."

But it was now time to open fire, and the boys fed three belts of cartridges through the machine. It made a frightful racket, and Ping stuffed her fingers into her ears. All this war business seemed a bore to her and a terrible waste of time.

As soon as the noise of the firing ceased she continued with her lessons.

"There are men dead on the field before us!" cried Lin Chi.

"Well, what of it? We can't help the dead. And besides, that is not important."

"What is important?" he asked.

"The things you can't kill. Confucius is important, and Lao Tzu and Mencius. And Li Po will never die. And the great prose writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are important. The histories, the encyclopedia, and the romances. A single good novel is more important than your whole war. And what is more important than all is that you should bake that puddinghead of yours in the warmth of intelligence."

When evening came, she tied up her bundle and quietly went off.

But in a few days she was back on Brown Sugar Mountain, looking for Lin Chi. And having finished with early literature, they began on the Sung dynasty, which in China is the start of the age of printing.

In time they were too far for Ping to go home after her lessons, and so she remained with the boys and filled in extra hours repairing their clothes and helping prepare the food.

The enemy might advance or retreat or lie under cover; but one thing was certain: Lin Chi must do his lessons. Never once did it occur to any one that Lin Chi might be killed before he finished learning literature. And never once did it occur to the men that little Ping might herself be laid low by a bullet and give up her recitations in the middle of a chapter.

And now they have been through some wonderful battles and have traveled miles and miles and half the regiment has been wiped out and they have joined with the remains of two other regiments.

And where are Lin Chi and little Ping? They are only now up to the beginning of the Manchu dynasty.

They march together, they study together, they eat together, and it is whispered that they even sleep together. All for the sake of literature. There have been suggestions from officers in the regiment that they might get married. In the meantime Lin Chi has become a captain, and Ping, out of appreciation, has been given the stripes of a corporal, which she has sewn on the sleeve of her green embroidered jacket.

Once the colonel asked her boldly: "Do you intend to marry Captain Lin Chi?"

"Yes, I do."

"When?"

"When his puddinghead is baked through and through and he passes his examinations."

"He may be a high officer by that time."

"Rank is not important in our family."

THE END

A Boston II, one of the American-built bombers which help defend Britain against Nazi raids

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BY KEITH AYLING

Death for bombers!—The thrilling story of Britain's new air defense

☆ THE air war over Britain has created a new superman. He may be British, Canadian, South African, American, or a Frenchman. He has been chosen not for his nationality but for certain outstanding physical qualities, the result of glandular make-up, and consequent metabolism.

He lives on carrots, and extra rations of butter, and orange juice. He weighs a little more than his colleagues of the same age and height. He lives an odd life. Indoors he spends his daylight hours in a darkened room. If he walks in the spring sunshine down the leafy lanes round his secret air station, he wears dark glasses.

He is an R. A. F. pilot of about twenty-six years of age. At night he and his ever-enlarging coterie of carefully trained colleagues zoom into the opaque blackness of the night skies in $50,000 worth of ship with an added $50,000 worth of secret instruments and twelve "Maggies" (machine guns) or a vicious combination of "shellies" (shell cannon). He flies a Havoc, the apt name given by Beaverbrook to America's all-purpose bomber, the D. B. 7, or in a super Hurricane or a converted Blenheim bomber.

On the ground, in one dèfense area alone, a thousand technicians labor with $25,000 worth of scientific appliances to enable this mechanical owl to crash down the costly German bombers winging their destructive cargoes through the darkened skies at 300 miles per hour.

The story of putting this superman into the air with effective weapons against the night bomber is a romance of human endeavor, a saga of brains against the machine, and of incredible human courage. These few pilots enacting their vital roles in the defensive schemes of science that employ every feasible combination of the electrical and chemical laboratory may soon demonstrate that American cities can never be bombed at night. Never—if adequate precautions are taken.

In September, 1940, when the daylight battle for Britain was coming to its end, with the German Luftwaffe severely maimed, Göring sent hurriedly trained night-bombing pilots to blast indiscriminately at London. Six British pilots, two squadron leaders, two flight lieutenants, and two others took the air in Spitfires and Hurricanes as an experiment to see if it were possible to intercept and down the raiders.

Several German bombers limped home maimed by machine-gun bullets; but the results, although promising, were not effective enough. However, the British Air Ministry announced, "We shall overcome the night-bombing menace in time. We shall soon be able to make it unprofitable for the raiders to come at night."

Today that prophecy is nearly a fact. Six months of careful labor and painstaking experiment have resulted in a regularly increasing percentage of successes. The R. A. F. have downed thirty-three German bombers in a single moonlight night, losing only one of their own night fighters. This represents a credit balance to Britain of $4,425,000 against the loss of $100,000. About one hundred and thirty-two German airmen paid the penalty of engaging in what is now a hazardous occupation, while the British lost, at the most, two highly trained and specialized carrot eaters—the early products of the R. A. F.'s intensive effort to produce effective defense attack against night bombing.

The results have been slow, yet progressively sure. In April, 1941, the R. A. F. got an average of three bombers a night; in May the average was ten a night. During one twelve hours of darkness twelve were shot down; another night, twenty-two. Through one seven-hour stretch no less than seventy-three night bombers crashed in flames, while an uncalculated number of others went back severely damaged.

How is it done? Interception of enemy by daylight, even when visibility is good, is a problem with odds even for attackers and defenders. The sky is vast; machines fly at speeds varying from 250 to 300 miles per hour. To aim a pursuit ship with a 400-mile-per-hour air speed from the ground to intercept a bomber doing 300 miles per hour so that they meet at a desired point in a vast cubic area of sky, is a delicate enough task, rendered possible only by intricate mechanical devices, aided by the human eye—that of the pilot.

But imagine that same cube of air opaquely dark, with the defending interceptor pilot almost blind—his visibility being limited to five hundred, to one hundred yards, and even less on dark nights. In clear moonlight he may be able to see a thousand yards, but such nights happen rarely.

Night flying is more of a problem

The "Owls" Fly High

Great Britain's campaign against night bombing is the greatest scientific blitz in history. Here is how it goes. At a night-fighter station the alarm is given. Sensitive detectors announce the arrival of the first raider at a certain spot, usually across the Channel. From that instant co-operation is the keynote of defense. In a matter of seconds mathematicians calculate the height and direction of the flight. In the operations-control room, machines whir; flags move on a map; experts decide that at 20:05 hours the raider will be over "X" unless he changes height and speed and direction. The night fighters that are not already cruising on the upper air, as is often the case with the Havoc, take off on a set course.

for the interceptor than for the bomber. A dark upper sky is the raider's screen against attack. Using navigation and radio-beam direction finding, he can arrive over the neighborhood of his target, and reveal it definitely by the dazzling light of the parachute flare he drops.

The R. A. F. has to discover the course the night raider is taking through that vast cube of air, determine his speed and height, and not only send its pursuit ship to the right spot, to intercept, but provide its pilot with "visibility" to attack.

An airplane traveling at 400 miles per hour covers one hundred yards in less time than it takes to think. The main problem of dealing with fast flying bombers is that they are ten miles ahead of their charted position by the time the sound is graphed.

How, then, do these R. A. F. pilots manage to grope their way through the darkness toward enemy raiders and to fly near enough to them to shoot them down, yet avoid a collision?

Have the British a secret weapon? The answer to this question is, not one, but many. Every method of detection has been pressed into service: infra-red photography, diathermy, television, and a brilliantly conceived system of thermo-electric detection. Similarly, magnetic fields are projected into the air. On the attacking pursuit plane, however, although the human eyesight is an important factor in the last split second of the encounter, delicate instruments guide the "Hun-swatter" to his prey.

Regular patrolling with planes fast enough to intercept is an essential feature of the defense system in which these young carrot eaters play vital parts. Spitfires limited to an hour in the air are unsatisfactory for patrol. Hurricanes capable of carrying extra fuel tanks are possible. Blenheims are too slow for actual interception. But the Havoc is ideal, as it can be fitted with the detection apparatus and still carry heavy armament.

The night sky over England is a veritable spider's web for intruding bombers. It is divided into more than one hundred defense areas, and each area is subdivided into zones, named roughly antiaircraft, fighter area, and a third that shall remain nameless. If the pursuit-ship pilot blunders into any zone but his own, he runs the risk of being shot down. Prowling the bomber path, he risks collision. If he trespasses into that other zone, he may spring a trap and wreck a night's work.

He is a unit in a vast machine, part robot and part human.

A few months ago he roved the night skies, a lone adventurer, purblind, an individual risking his life and his machine for the million-to-one chance of a thirty-second glimpse of a sooty black Junker or Heinkel. Now he is a member of a carefully organized attack team of various planes linked to each other and to the ground by radiotelephone, and he stalks his prey with a foolproof device that actually attracts his ship to the enemy—if he is within a certain range.

Once in the area of sky through which the enemy raider is known to be flying, the night pilot's real work begins. To get in effective range, he uses one of two devices. One, working on a principle similar to the submarine detector, leads his aircraft directly on his target. A dial gives him his exact distance from the enemy. He brisks a brief word to his colleague cruising in a certain position. A dazzling white flare illuminates the enemy bomber; twelve guns chatter; the pursuit ship disengages; the bomber, honeycombed with five seconds' destruction from cannon gun and machine guns, bursts into flame.

Another method of detection is even more deadly. The pursuit ship flies behind invisible electrical antennae, and, under given conditions, he sees on his frosted-glass gun sites a photo of certain parts of the bomber, provided he can get himself into range. *When this device is developed to its fullest, night raiding will be more dangerous than daytime, because the bomber itself cannot put up the same defense against the fighter at night as it does by day.*

On moonlight nights the pilot, led by the devices I have mentioned and by a series of directions from the ground, relies on his eyes for the final operations, and can be supported by one or two planes in formation without fear of collision. He wears optical night glasses, and he does not consider his task nearly as difficult as day strafing.

In darkness he must rely on his instruments and risk that perpetual menace of collision and bad landings. Ground co-operation, his courage and skill are the aces that enable the defenders to score their points in this horrible game of death given and taken.

The war against night raiders is not confined to the air over England. Since the beginning of the night blitz, prowling lone eagles in Blenheim bombers, specially adapted, have been following the Luftwaffe pilots home to their bases and destroying them by machine-gun fire as well as putting the landing facilities out of action by low-range precision bombing.

This work demands a fast, long-range ship well armed and capable of carrying sufficient bombs to do a good job of destruction. Several German airfields have been put out of action by these lone adventurers. With the new detection apparatus, they will be twice as efficient in stalking their foe.

When Beaverbrook develops his Bristol Beau, the ideal night fighter built especially for the job, and when British and American factories can turn out sufficient quantities of the much needed detector apparatus, effectual night bombing will be a thing of the past!

America too must build herself a night fighter, using all the available information from Britain.

THE END

Tomorrow We March

He reached out and cupped her chin in his hands. "You are lovely," he whispered.

Now a vivid novel comes breathlessly to the brink of a perilous masquerade

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ WHEN the printing press in Switzerland on which Philip Layden, a young American, and some freedom-loving Swiss have been printing anti-Nazi pamphlets for occupied France, is burned by Nazi agents, Philip suspects that Lisa Abernathil has something to do with it. Lisa, an Austrian refugee, is beautiful and Philip is more than half in love with her, but he cannot banish the idea that she is a Nazi agent. His suspicions seem confirmed by her sudden disappearance from the pension where both have been staying.

Philip delivers the last batch of his pamphlets and brings back across the border with him a girl who is fleeing for her life. She is Mignon Gaudin, who lives in the French town to which Philip's mother moved after the death of his father, who was in the United States consular service in Czechoslovakia. Mignon has killed a Nazi officer who came to her room at night, and Philip's mother has sent her to him.

After leaving Mignon with a friendly Swiss family, Philip goes to Marseilles to see Georges Siblot, an agent of the Free French, to try to get money for a new press. Siblot, however, tells him he has other plans, and will take him to see Paul Ravineau, a former French Premier who is in hiding in Marseilles and who is working with the de Gaullists. Philip tells Siblot about Lisa Abernathil and learns that she is a Free French agent, planted in the Gestapo. He can't get rid of the feeling that she may be betraying the French.

Ravineau receives Siblot and Philip that night at a fisherman's house. He says he wants Philip to join one of the troupes of entertainers that the Nazis are sending to occupied countries and to help install radio sets that will be "England's ears on the Continent." While they are talking a frightened fisherman comes in and says that the whole neighborhood is surrounded by police who are hunting for Ravineau.

PART FOUR—A RUSE THAT WORKED

☆ FOR a moment the lamplit room was hushed. Philip Layden slowly rose, his whole body taut. He had a trapped feeling which he had experienced once before—waiting in the darkness on the Swiss border, standing crushed against a tree while a Nazi patrol approached.

He glanced at Georges Siblot as if to seek a measure of their danger in the man's expression. Georges' black eyes were savage.

"How close are they?" he whispered.

"Two houses down the street!" stammered the fisherman. "Dozens of them, monsieur—dozens! My daughters saw them. They—they've come like locusts!"

Georges uttered an oath. Turning to Ravineau, he said with fatalistic harshness, "*C'est ça.* It has come."

When Philip looked at the old man, what he saw made him a little ashamed of his own excitement. Paul Ravineau had risen, ponderous and calm and grave. He had picked up a briefcase from the floor. Now, as methodically as a lecturer gathering his notes after an address, he thrust papers into the leather case.

Philip at once went to the table. "If I may help with the papers, monsieur—"

Ravineau nodded. "Take the other portfolio, please. It is on the floor." He still seemed completely unmoved. As they both stuffed papers into the cases, he added, without raising his head: "Call in the others, Jacques. Tell them."

The fisherman hurried toward a rear door. Meanwhile Georges Siblot cautiously drew back a window curtain no more than a quarter of an inch and peered down into the street.

"They're entering the next house!" he announced.

Even then Ravineau refused to show panic. That calm of his was indestructible. He stood like a general, Philip thought, insisting on orderly retreat.

Philip demanded, "Haven't you made some kind of provision for getting out of here?"

"*Mais oui,*" said Ravineau. "We could leave by way of the cellar, in the rear. But in that case we should merely find ourselves in another street. If all the streets of the *quartier* are being searched, as Jacques reports, it would be useless. We will do better to hide in the cellar."

Two young men, both badly frightened, hurried into the room. These were no local fishermen, Philip realized. They were well dressed, clean shaven.

"You have left no papers out?" Ravineau asked them.

"None, monsieur."

"The luggage?"

"Everything is in the cellar."

"*Bon.* Go down. I'll follow in a moment."

As the two men left, Philip clicked his case shut. He looked up, to see that Jacques, the fisherman, had returned. Behind him stood three scared young women. His daughters. The oldest couldn't have been more than twenty-two. Tall girls, poorly dressed, with the haggard, anemic, half-fam-

ished thinness that was becoming so prevalent in France; the mark of the Nazi, they called it.

Jacques said desperately, "If monsieur would but hurry! My daughters will help in the cellar."

"Will the cellar compartment accommodate these two gentlemen, Jacques?"

"I—I doubt it, monsieur—I very much doubt it. The luggage is already down there. It occupies much space."

"Let us try." Having shut his briefcase, Ravineau sent a last quick glance about the room. Nothing had been left behind. He started for the stairs. For a man in his late sixties he walked with remarkable swiftness.

They hurried down into the cellar. It was dark. One of Ravineau's assistants had lighted a candle, and in its yellow glow his pale face was ghastly.

"There will not be room for all, monsieur!" he whispered.

When Philip saw where Paul Ravineau intended to hide, he felt a pang of pity for this man who had once governed France. A hole in the ground where a flagstone had been moved. Nothing but a hole a little deeper than a grave, hardly as wide as a well. Its bottom, the candlelight revealed, was packed with luggage. If three men crowded into the space that was left, they would have to squeeze together and keep their heads lowered. . . .

In the dim light of the candle Ravineau looked around from face to face as though trying to determine who must be sacrificed.

Philip said on impulse, "Georges has his *carte d'identité*. I have my passport. We can identify ourselves. We'll stay out."

But Ravineau, with a shake of his gray head, answered, "No. Identification is not enough. It will not explain what you two are doing here. Men dressed like you are not part of the *quartier*. If they find you here, they will know something is wrong. They will tear the house apart."

Jacques pleaded, "But, messieurs, get in, get in! Perhaps the pit will hold more than three!"

It was a dubious hope. Nevertheless, they lowered Ravineau into the hole first, then the two assistants. Jacques' daughters were already bending over the flagstone, ready to pull it back into place, their faces dim and strained in the shadows.

When the three men were huddled together on top of the baggage, bent low in cramped positions, it was obvious that one more *could* get into the pit. He would have to wedge himself into a narrow space, but there would be room. That would still leave either Philip or Georges, however, to face the police with some improbable story. . . .

Philip glanced toward Jacques' daughters; and as he looked a strange idea came to him. An unpleasant idea because of what it would imply. Yet he realized suddenly that he had struck the one expedient which might logically explain his presence in this house.

Catching Georges Siblot's arm, he all but pushed him toward the pit. "Get in," he said. "I'll be all right." He turned his eyes to the oldest girl. "If mademoiselle will help by pre-

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

tending to entertain me in her room. . . ."

The girl was stunned. She rose slowly from the flagstone, staring at him. Her wide eyes went to her father. He seemed on the point of outraged protest. But they must have seen, all of them, that Philip was offering a sane if not a pleasant solution. A well dressed man picked up on the quai, brought home by a hungry girl—it was not unusual. In fact, it was commonplace in Marseilles.

Jacques' daughter glanced into the pit, into the anxious faces of men who were struggling for the liberty of France. . . .

"Yes," she said quickly. "It is an idea. We will try it." She motioned to her sisters. "*Vite!* The stone!"

So Georges Siblot was buried with the other three. When the flagstone was in place, Jacques threw a great tangle of old fish nets over it, concealing the cracks.

Upstairs, at the front door, a fist suddenly banged. A voice in the street called, "*Ouvrez!*"

Instantly Jacques' oldest daughter seized Philip's wrist. "Come!" she whispered. She led him up the cellar stairs, running; then up another flight and into a small meager bedroom where a dim light burned on a battered chest of drawers.

The voice outside called again, more peremptorily.

☆ THE girl shut the bedroom door. She was breathing hard. Now that she had committed herself to this, she played her part with a fierce, defiant energy. As she stripped her dress over her head she said, "Out of your clothes, monsieur!"

Philip threw off his jacket, undid his tie with racing fingers. He heard the front door open; heard the voices of many men; and Jacques loudly protesting. As he got his shirt off he saw the girl fling down the covers on the sagging bed. She was in a black slip that had been mended in several places, her arms showing white and bony. When she jumped into the bed, she kicked off her shoes, began to strip off stockings that were rags.

Philip, too, got out of his shoes. By that time steps were mounting the stairs.

"Keep your trousers on," the girl whispered. "You would have started to dress in a hurry when you heard the police—"

He nodded. Now he stepped close to the door, listening. He could hear Jacques crying, "But there is nothing to find here! I give you my word, messieurs! I *beg* you—"

"If there is nothing to find, you have nothing to worry about."

With his ear pressed to the door, Philip could hear them enter one room after another, coming steadily closer. He was clammy with an ooze of perspiration that had broken from every pore in his body; yet his lips felt dry. When he looked around at the girl, she was sitting in the bed, half dressed, dark hair straggling around a frightened and emaciated face.

"We met near the Cours Belsunce," she said. "My name is Christine."

Before he could answer, there was a step directly outside and the door was flung open; he barely had time to step away from it.

A heavy man in police uniform scowled into the room. What he saw made his brows rise. He looked from Philip, who seemed trapped and abashed, to Christine, who had in a rush of panic drawn a bed sheet to cover her half-clad figure. The *agent de police* uttered a soft "*Holà!*" A moment later four other uniformed men were behind him, blinking into the room.

The heavy policeman slowly turned to Jacques. "Who is the girl?"

"My—my daughter," Jacques stammered miserably.

"The man?"

"A—a friend."

"And you permit this? In your own home?"

Jacques spread helpless arms. "*Que voulez vous?* What can one do? She has her own mind. I cannot stop her."

"Besides," Christine flung out hysterically, "I am hungry! *Hungry!* Do you understand?"

The policeman ignored her. His expression contemptuous, he entered the room. He looked at Philip, from head to toes. Then he thrust out his hand.

"Your papers, monsieur."

Philip turned in silence to his jacket. He tried to appear demoralized. When he surrendered his passport, the *agent* became more interested than ever.

"*Un Américain!*" he said, incredulous.

"Yes," Philip acknowledged, rubbing nervous hands together. "I—I hope this will not mean trouble—"

The policeman examined the book near the dim light. "What are you doing in Marseilles?"

"Just passing through. On—on my way to Lisbon."

"Where are you staying?"

"With a friend on the Rue Maubasse. Look here. If—if there is any way of keeping this silent. . . . I mean, I would do anything to keep my friend from knowing—"

☆ "WHO is your friend?"

Philip realized his reply might be investigated. You had to tell the truth at a certain point. "Georges Siblot," he said uneasily. "A wine merchant. He—"

"Yes, I know. A shop on the Rue Cannebière." The *agent* continued to read through the passport. "You have just come from Switzerland."

"Yes; today."

"How did you meet this girl?"

Philip tossed both hands in an ineffectual gesture. "How does one meet a girl? I went for a walk. Near the Cours Belsunce—she was walking, too. You know how these things are, monsieur. I would not wish you to hold the young lady responsible. It was all my fault. I was lonely and—it was I who approached her—"

The officer returned the passport. "I advise you to dress and get out of the *quartier,*" he said tersely. He gave Christine a single glance, vicious in its contempt. Then he turned. In the door four uniformed figures stood leering behind a discomfited Jacques. The policeman walked out, slamming the door shut behind him.

After a moment of silence Philip looked at the girl. She had lowered her head and her teeth were pressing her lip. He went to the bed, sat beside her. He said in a low voice, "I am sorry, mademoiselle. I'm desperately sorry it had to be like this."

"It—it is nothing."

"I could think of no other way."

"Don't blame yourself." And she added bitterly: "It was not for you I did it. It was for that old one in the cellar. He—he is wonderful, that one. He is our hope."

Philip didn't reply. Slowly rising, he went across the room to put on his shirt. He was pale and bitter himself, and he knew a deep compassion for these people—Christine and her father and her sisters; simple people ready to submit to all humiliations, to all forms of disgrace and degradation, for their cause. . . .

Behind him the girl began to dress. The sounds of the search continued through the house.

"What they saw here," Christine said, "*eh bien,* they expect such things from us now. Why not? We're hungry. We—we eat like cats, seeking food even in garbage pots! We do anything to forget hunger even for a moment."

"But your ration cards—"

"Ration cards!" she repeated harshly. "*Nom de Dieu,* of what use are ration cards when there is no food? . . . Two lumps of sugar a day they allow us. A few grams of meat in a week, a few grams of coffee. But it is only on the cards! In the shops—nothing. You stand on lines for hours to beg a little milk. You pray to heaven there will be milk. And all the time you know it is useless. There is no milk. And this is *un*occupied France!"

"Even here," he murmured.

"They take everything!" She sounded savage. "Did you not know only the Nazis—the conquerors—are fit to have food? We others, we are dogs. Let us starve. Let us die. What matter? . . . Have you seen the children in the streets?"

"No-o—"

"Look at them, monsieur. Bones! Sickness! Anemia! How can you bring up children without milk, without eggs, without bread? With a gram or two of food a day? Look at them—sick, suffering. You never see them play. They run through the streets in packs looking for something to eat—looking even in old cans—like little starved animals, crying as they go, not understanding why nobody will *see* they are hungry. They don't ask clothes; they don't ask toys. Just a little food—food—"

☆ PHILIP felt her despair creeping through him, into his heart. After a pause he said thoughtfully, "I had an idea there would be plenty of fish to eat here in Marseilles."

"Why should a man be fool enough to catch fish?" she demanded. "If he goes out of the harbor, *voilà,* the English drive his boat back. If he catches anything, *voilà,* it has to be declared, and then the government takes it away. The fisherman himself keeps nothing. Let him try to go out at night and catch a fish to smuggle to his family, and he is arrested. Why should a man risk it? Plenty of fish to be caught, yes—but we have to starve. The Germans order it so!"

It was listening to things like this

that made you ready to stake your life on the gamble of getting rid of oppression. You couldn't get rid of it in Marseilles or anywhere else, Philip knew, unless you killed its heart in Berlin first. As he frowned at Christine, he felt prepared to do anything to help the crusade Paul Ravineau was launching. What else in life was worth doing at a time like this?

Outside, the police were descending the stairs. At the bottom the officer in charge called, "How is the cellar?"

Philip's breath stopped as he listened. He pulled the door open half an inch. From the cellar a muffled voice answered, "Everything here seems all right!"

"*Bien,*" said the officer. "Come up." Then he added, apparently to Jacques, "On second thought, you'd better keep that American here till morning. Otherwise he'll be stopped in the streets. We have a cordon around the *quartier.*" . . .

Half an hour later, with the searching party gone from the street, they were all back in the lamplit room on the second floor. Those who had been hidden in the pit used handkerchiefs to wipe dirt and perspiration from their faces. Georges Siblot cursed a great deal as he tried to rid his clothes of spots. The two assistants, like Jacques' daughters, vanished into other rooms. Only Paul Ravineau remained imperturbable. When he had wiped his face and hands, he sat down again at the table.

"*Voyons,* we were discussing the details of your entering Germany," he said to Philip. "If you will sit down, Monsieur Layden, we can continue."

☆ RAVINEAU'S plan proved to be dangerous; melodramatic, too.

"As I've told you," he said, "the Nazis are now sending troupes of performers through the conquered areas with the task of spreading the propaganda of German artistic supremacy. Most of these actors are, naturally, German. But, as a gesture of good will to his Axis partner, Hitler now includes a few Italians."

Ravineau paused, frowning at fingertips that pattered for a brief instant on the table.

"In Rome," he resumed abruptly, "there is a singer named Maria Lantera—one of our agents. She is not a great singer. She sang in variety, in cafés, and in comic opera. Now she has been invited to join one of these German traveling troupes." Ravineau's narrowed eyes rose to Philip's face. "Maria Lantera is to bring her own accompanist—Rico Bardi, a man who has accompanied her wherever she has sung in the past few years. He is her lover, I believe.

"But he is a sick man. He got a splinter of steel in his chest during the Ethiopian campaign. His lungs trouble him. He hesitates to go into Germany. So it is Rico Bardi's place as an accompanist that you will take, Monsieur Layden."

Philip asked, "Does Lantera know she is to travel with a substitute?"

Ravineau shrugged. "Yes. For the cause, monsieur, one does everything. They will come out of Italy together, Lantera and Bardi. They are to cross Switzerland and go into Germany. Somewhere *en route*—at a stop like Berne, let us say—Bardi will leave the train and you will take his place. . . . I doubt if Lantera is happy about leaving him behind, but that cannot be helped." . . .

An electrifying possibility struck Philip Layden. It quickened his breath, made him lean forward.

He began suddenly to speak of Mignon Gaudin. He talked rapidly, his voice low and urgent and persuasive. His eyes became bright with the idea. Here, as he saw it, was an opportunity not only to give Mignon an identity but also to harness her passionate desire to fight Nazism.

He spoke of her voice. He spoke of her training in Rome—three years with Scaretti, which had given her

"Funny, but I don't seem to recall them bushes growin' there yesterday, Newt!"

an excellent knowledge of Italian. Most fervently of all, however, he spoke of her bitterness against a regime which had imprisoned her parents and made a fugitive of her. The fact that she had killed a Nazi officer put her definitely into the ranks of those who would risk everything in an effort to destroy Nazism.

Paul Ravineau listened without interruption. "Do you propose," he said at last, "that Mademoiselle Gaudin take the place of Maria Lantera?"

"Provided Lantera is not known in Germany."

"No, she is not known," Ravineau said slowly. "She has never performed there. The Italian government was invited to send a number of entertainers, and some one chose her when she volunteered. But I hesitate, monsieur, for several reasons. First, I do not know Mademoiselle Gaudin."

"She could be brought here."

"True. But there is more. I do not like to change plans which are running smoothly."

"It's hardly smooth if Lantera prefers to remain with Bardi. Couldn't you use her in Switzerland?"

"We can use people everywhere. Naturally."

"When," Philip asked, "must Lantera go into Germany?"

"In ten days. She is to report for rehearsals on the twenty-third."

"Then there's time to bring Mignon Gaudin for you to interview. That is, if Georges will help with a passport. I believe you'll have confidence in her. If not for this mission, then for another."

Again Ravineau's fingertips pattered on the table.

"I shall be glad to talk to her," he said. "But do not ask me to promise you anything, Monsieur Layden."

Philip turned to Georges eagerly. "Will you arrange a passport?"

"I'll arrange a passport," Georges replied. "But I think we should send some one else for her—not you. After your experience in Geneva I shouldn't like to have you seen there, Philip, and perhaps followed."

"It doesn't matter who goes. How soon can you send for her?"

"It will take two days to arrange the passport."

"Fine." Philip faced Paul Ravineau again. "With her spirit, her voice, and her hatred of Nazism," he declared, "she'll be a perfect agent!"

☆ FOR the second time that day Lisa Abernathil entered the oak-paneled office in Columbia Haus. She found Herr von Seidtz standing behind his desk, smoking a cigarette and squinting through the smoke at a sheaf of papers. Herr von Seidtz was in uniform, but because the room was warm he had removed the tunic. What he was reading, she supposed, was a report on her activities in Geneva. As she watched him, her nerves were strained.

"Sit down, Fräulein."

Lisa sat in a chair beside the desk. She sat quietly, without moving. There was an annoying itch on her thigh, but she dared not touch it. In the presence of Herr von Seidtz you did not call attention to your thighs. The itch, she guessed, was the result of vinegar in something she had eaten for dinner; it always affected her that way. She tried to ignore it.

With Berlin in blackout, the windows of the office were not only closed and blackened but covered by heavy drapes. Lisa looked at the picture of der Führer that hung just above Herr von Seidtz, and at the swastikas. Then she lowered her glance to the Gestapo official. He was still reading, his bald head glistening under electric lights.

When at last he raised his eyes, he seemed gratified. He appraised her. In a trim blue suit, Lisa Abernathil was at her best, and that pleased him. She wore a small hat around whose brim her flaxen hair rolled up as if hat and coiffure had been designed together.

"It appears you did very well in Switzerland," he said. "For a first assignment."

"Thank you. I did what I could."

Herr von Seidtz smiled faintly, accentuating the saber scar on his right

cheek. He had a powerful face, handsome in a rugged way. He came around the desk and sat on its edge, so that one booted leg dangled. He was very close to Lisa now. She wondered nervously if he had decided to believe her reasons for setting fire to the Swiss chalet.

Herr von Seidtz looked down at the papers. "Tell me—this man who operated the press, this Philip Layden—you came to know him well?"

"Quite well, *jawohl.*"

"Has he relatives in Europe?"

"I don't know. I could never make him talk about his family."

"Have you an idea where he might have gone after leaving Geneva?"

"No." She was startled. "I—I didn't know he had left Geneva."

"He has disappeared," Herr von Seidtz said dryly—"after leaving two of Herr Gestel's men unconscious on a mountain road." He tossed the papers aside. "But you need not concern yourself with that, Fräulein. That is our affair. He will be found."

Herr von Seidtz studied her for a while in silence. At last he said, "You will have two days of rest. Then I shall give you a new assignment. A most important assignment, Fräulein." His thoughtful glance rested on the wave of hair under her hat and went down slowly over her figure to her ankles. Then it rose to her face.

"You are an extraordinary person, Fräulein."

"*Bitte.*"

"With your beauty, you can be of unusual service to the Reich."

She waited for him to continue. He leaned forward, reached out, and cupped her chin in his hand. His touch sent a shock of revulsion through her. But she forced herself to sit still, her eyes meeting his.

"You are lovely," he whispered. And then: "For your new assignment I am going to take you to Bayreuth. We shall drive down together on Friday. To the Feldspielhaus."

Her heart thumped hard.

"Of course," he went on softly, "we need not try to make the entire trip in one day. We can stop near Leipzig for the night. At an inn."

"Oh," Lisa murmured. "It is *that* kind of assignment."

Herr von Seidtz laughed. "That is not the assignment," he said. "We shall speak of the assignment afterward. . . ." Then his eyes asked a mute question.

Lisa answered quietly, "I shall do whatever I am ordered to do."

"Excellent!" he said gaily. He straightened and slid off the desk. As he crushed the cigarette in a tray he added, "My car will call for you Friday afternoon at four. I advise you to prepare all your luggage. The Bayreuth assignment may well be a long one."

☆ ON the day Mignon Gaudin was to arrive in Marseilles, escorted by the elderly man, Simon Guery, who had been sent to Geneva with a passport for her, Philip Layden waited anxiously. He was in Georges Siblot's apartment. The train was due at six. He planned to meet it; but meanwhile he devoted the afternoon to memorizing the lists of names which Georges had brought from Paul Ravineau. One was a roster of men he must see either in Czecho-Slovakia, in Norway, in Poland, in the Netherlands, or wherever his theatrical troupe was sent. Since he didn't know where it was to travel, it was essential that he memorize all the lists. The second gave him names of men operating secret short-wave radios in the occupied regions.

Shortly after five Georges Siblot entered the apartment. As he tossed his hat to a chair, he pushed stiff fingers through his hair.

"*Eh bien!*" he said. "I read our dossier on Lisa Abernathil this afternoon."

Philip, about to light a cigarette, snapped the match down. He had sudden strange lights in his eyes.

"She's Austrian," said Georges. "Aged twenty-six. The daughter of a Vienna physician. Had excellent schooling in Vienna and Lausanne. Her maiden name was Vestreich."

"*Maiden name!*" Philip gasped; and something crashed in him. "She's married?"

"Was. Married Berendt Abernathil, a Vienna lawyer, three years ago." Georges went to the liquor table and poured himself a glass of cognac. "Her husband turned out to be an ardent Nazi even before the Nazis took Austria. A minor Austrian Quisling, if you like. Planned and struggled to bring Nazism to Austria."

☆ PHILIP felt dazed. "And now," he demanded, "you've got the wife of such a man in *your* service? I don't understand that!"

With a shrug, Georges Siblot swallowed his cognac. "We checked her carefully, I assure you. She never shared her husband's politics. She didn't even know of his activities until it was too late."

"Nonsense! A woman living with a man—"

"For less than a year, Philip. Just before the Nazis arrived, her husband was killed in street rioting. That was more than two years ago."

Philip said bitterly, "I still can't see anything in her record that justified you in taking her in."

"Wait. It's true she was married to a Nazi. But both her father and her brother were furiously opposed to Nazism. They fought it when it came. Lisa saw her father shot down in the door of his home. She saw her brother clubbed to death . . ."

"But the Gestapo must have investigated her, too," Philip argued. "Why did *they* take her in if her family fought Nazism?"

"All the Gestapo knows," said Georges, "is that her father and brother were killed, as was her husband, in the Vienna riots. Before that her family was not active in politics. The Gestapo believes they died as her husband did—on the Nazi side. It happens, however, that Ravineau knew Lisa's father, Dr. Vestreich. He knew the man's politics."

Philip Layden stood silent. His fingers broke the cigarette.

"But, damn it," he said at last, in choppy low tones, "if it's true, why did she wreck my press?"

"You only believe she did. You're not certain."

Philip paced the room, frowning at the floor. When Georges gave him a glass of brandy, he swallowed it without quite realizing what he did.

"If you're going to meet Mignon Gaudin," Georges said presently, glancing at his watch, "you'd better start."

"Ye-es. I'll go. . . ."

☆ BUT he didn't immediately go. He went to the window, instead, scowled up at Notre Dame de la Garde, and continued to think about Lisa Abernathil. They had talked for hours, day after day, even of Vienna; he was bewildered to realize how little she had actually told him about herself during those talks.

"I brought the clothes of one of Jacques' daughters," Georges said dryly. "And her *carte d'identité.* Mignon Gaudin can use them when she goes to see Ravineau tonight. It will be better for her to look as if she belongs in the *quartier.*"

Philip turned from the window, forcing his thoughts back from Lisa Abernathil.

"Are we going with Mignon?"

"No. Christine will meet us on the *quai* at nine. She'll take Mignon." Georges was already pouring himself a second glass. "We heard from Maria Lantera today," he added.

At that Philip became apprehensive. "Any change in her plans?"

"No, except that she'd much prefer to remain with Bardi. That may help the plea of your Mignon Gaudin."

Philip felt a rise of spirit. It wasn't merely because he was saving Mignon from anonymity. It concerned him, too. He'd had certain misgivings about entrusting the safety of himself and his mission to the discretion of Maria Lantera, of whom he knew very little. To travel with Mignon, however, would be to go with some one in whom he had confidence; some one for whose courage he had a profound admiration.

Then he realized it was late. He got his hat. "I'm going to the station."

As he reached the door, Georges Siblot remembered something else. "We've learned also," he said, "where you and Lantera are to report for rehearsals."

Philip looked back questioningly.

"You're to present your credentials," said Georges, "to a Herr von Seidtz. At the Feldspielhaus in Bayreuth."

So Philip begins his perilous masquerade and, unknowing, goes to meet Lisa again. Will she betray him to the Gestapo? Or is she truly loyal to the Free French? Tense moments, thrills, startling events crowd next week's chapter!

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☆ GOODMAN and Jane Ace (Easy Aces) are pleased to imagine themselves as the typical American couple . . . "Whacked up a little," Mr. Ace adds.

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As an example of "what takes place around the house," Liberty offers an Easy Aces script such as you will hear if you happen to drop in any Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday evening on their NBC Blue Network program.

Goodman and Jane Ace.

Easy Aces

a Four-Star Broadcast

BY GOODMAN ACE

☆ THE scene is the Aces' living room after dinner. Mr. Ace reads his evening paper above the chatter of Jane, who is knitting.

JANE: Dear, I ran into Mrs. Benton in the drugstore today. We both had lunch there and we sat and talked for an hour if I'm a day.

ACE: An hour?

JANE: Yes . . . I finally picked up the checks. . . . Do you know what Mrs. Benton is doing nowadays?

ACE: What is she doing?

JANE: Well, you could have knocked me down with a fender when she told me. Because you know what a chatterbrain she is. . . . Talk, talk, talk. And what about?

ACE: About clothes, I guess.

JANE: Oh, no. Not in these perilous times when democracy is fraight with danger.

ACE: What are you saying—do you know?

JANE: Well, to be candied with you, dear, I didn't know a thing she was talking about until she told me the girls meet every Wednesday afternoon at one of the girls' houses, and they have these talks about what's going on in the world today. And that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to join.

ACE: Join what?

JANE: The Wednesday afternoon Forum. They have it every Wednesday.

ACE: What do they do?

JANE: Talk. Like I told you—discuss things going on in the world today. Honestly, dear, I felt like a dummy next to Mrs. Benton. She says to me, "What do you think of the domestic problems in this country?" And I said, "Personally, I've had the same maid for three years now."

ACE: Ha-ha-ha.

JANE: You see? That's what she did—laughed right into my hot chocolate. And when she explained it to me—well, you can imagine. Now I know what she means by domestic problems.

ACE: You do? What does she mean?

JANE: Well—she means—well, take taxes—and the debt. Why, do you know how much this country is in debt? . . . Sixty-five billion dollars!

ACE: Yes, I know.

JANE: You know! Well, why don't you tell me these things? Why do I have to find it out from strangers?

ACE: I didn't think you cared, Jane.

JANE: Don't care? I should say I do want to know about things like that.

ACE: Now that you know, what can you do about it?

JANE: Well, like everybody else—I can worry about it.

ACE: Well, if that'll make you happy, all right.

JANE: Of course I'll have to study and catch up to where the girls are now. Because when I go to the Wednesday Forum for the first time I'd like to know a little about what they're talking. After all, I don't want to be embarrassed again like I was about the domestic problems. And oh, another thing—it was awful—ha-ha. I'm ashamed to think of it!

ACE: What?

JANE: Well, she asked me what I thought of the Good Neighbor Policy. Ha-ha—oh, I was so silly—I can see it now.

ACE: What did you say to that?—as if I don't suspect.

JANE: Well, I said, "I guess we haven't seen as much of each other as we should have."

ACE: Yes, I thought you said something like—

JANE: Well, the look she gave me! I felt this small. She said, "No, my dear; I'm talking about the Good Neighbor Policy in South America." . . . And then I really did it.

ACE: Did what?

JANE: Said I don't know anybody down there.

ACE: You did, huh?

JANE: Yes. Now do you think I should join?

ACE: I don't think you should wait till Wednesday.

JANE: Oh, a few more days won't hurt me. I waited this long without knowing anything, a few more days won't hurt—only I'd like to know a few things, so I can catch up with the

girls that'll be there. So tell me, dear.

ACE: Tell you what?

JANE: Well, for instance, the sixty-five billion dollars we owe.

ACE: I don't think we better go into that—who are some of the other girls that go to these Forums?

JANE: Well—let me see—she told me so many of 'em—there's Mrs. Benton.

ACE: To be sure.

JANE: And I—that's two. . . . There's Mrs. Davis—you know, with the mink coat?

ACE: Yes.

JANE: Then there's Mrs. Edwards—mink coat too.

ACE: Yes.

JANE: There's—uh—oh yes, Mrs. Wilson; mink coat.

ACE: You can leave off the mink coats, Jane. Who else belongs?

JANE: Well, let me see—there's Mrs. Harris.

ACE: Mink coat.

JANE: Sable jacket, if you please.

ACE: Oh, I'm sorry.

JANE: Well, I should hope. There's about ten so far—eleven counting me.

ACE: Black Persian.

JANE: Yes, isn't it disgusting? Some day I'll get a mink coat if I—

ACE: Look, Jane—these women you mentioned—how do they know what's going on in the world today—where do they get the information to discuss these things?

JANE: Oh, they find out about it at home—we're all supposed to talk things over with our respectable husbands, Mrs. Benton said. Now that's where you come in. Help me, dear. First, who do we owe this money to?

ACE: It's whom do we owe this money to.

JANE: Oh, all right—whom do we owe it to?

ACE: Well, now, let me see how I can explain this. You see, the government borrows the money in the first place.

JANE: Borrows it?

ACE: Yes; the government borrows it from the people.

JANE: What people?

ACE: Well—us people—everybody.

JANE: From us? How can the government borrow it from us when we already owe sixty-five billion dollars? We haven't any money to lend anybody.

ACE: Well, *we* don't owe it—the *government* owes it. That's the same as we, of course—because we're all part of the government—I mean, that is—well, the government needs money, so they sell bonds—that's how they get the money—government bonds. For instance, you buy a thousand-dollar bond—you lend the government the money—that is, when you buy it you lend it—and that's how we owe the money—the government, I mean.

JANE: Well, I can see you don't know either.

ACE: But I do know.

JANE: Well, you're not explaining it very well. Now just use words of one cylinder and try it again.

ACE: I give up—I don't know how to explain it to you.

JANE: Well, don't be ashamed to say you don't know. Even I didn't.

ACE: But I tell you I do know—I'm try—oh, what's the use!

JANE: Don't worry, dear; I'll find out at the Forum and explain the whole thing to you.

The scene now changes to the Forum. . . . Women's voices heard in gossip. Mrs. Benton, chairlady, raps for order as Jane arrives late.

MRS. BENTON: Here she is, girls—quiet, please—here's our new member. *(They break it up.)* Sit down, Mrs. Ace—and join our little group. Oh, first I suppose I should explain to our new member how we operate. You see, my dear, we girls have decided that we live in historical times. And to fully understand what is happening in the world around there is nothing better than open, honest discussion. Where are we going?

JANE: Well, I'm not go—

MRS. BENTON: How are we doing it? These are the questions we take up and discuss here every Wednesday afternoon. Now, Mrs. Ace, each member is supposed to discuss with her husband the subject of each week's discussion. And each week we girls meet here and separate the wheat from the chaff. In this way we get to the real facts. Do you understand, my dear?

JANE: Well, my husband—

MRS. BENTON: Later, my dear. Ladies, last Wednesday we discussed the national debt. After a lengthy debate we came to the conclusion that it was a lot of money. Now the assignment you ladies had was to discuss with your husbands what we should do to meet this debt. Mrs. Adams, what did your husband say about meeting the national debt?

MRS. ADAMS: My husband said we should meet it with taxes.

MRS. BENTON: Well, that's very interesting. Next, Mrs. Wilson.

MRS. WILSON: Well, my husband said practically the same thing. Of course, I asked him at a very inopportune time, as I've been thinking of getting a new fur coat, and to bring up the national debt at a time like that—

MRS. DAVIS: Why, Rose Wilson—another coat!

MRS. WILSON: Well, something for evening wear—

MRS. BENTON: I must have order—girls. Let's keep to the facts. I know that Rose's new wrap is quite important, but after all so is the national debt. Now, Mrs. Wilson, if you don't mind, what did your husband say?

MRS. WILSON: He said it looked like taxation was the only solution.

MRS. BENTON: That's two for taxation. Now, before we proceed—Rose, did you get the coat?

MRS. WILSON: It looks very promising!

ALL: Good—atta girl—I'm so glad—etc.

MRS. BENTON: All right, girls, let's proceed with our question in hand. So far we have two for taxation. Mrs. Edwards, what did your husband offer?

MRS. EDWARDS: My husband said he refuses to think about it. He just hopes for the best.

MRS. BENTON: And what did he say would be best?

MRS. EDWARDS: Well, he didn't quite say. But I kept after him for three days and I finally got him to say that I shouldn't worry my pretty head about the national debt.

MRS. BENTON: Well, how sweet! Sweet but not very constructive, do you think? You'll have to do better work than that, Mrs. Edwards. Our Forum can't exist on empty flattery, you know.

MRS. EDWARDS: Oh, I wouldn't say empty—

MRS. BENTON: Now let me see—oh, yes, how about our new member? Mrs. Ace, what did *your* husband say?

JANE *(Meekly)*: My husband doesn't know anything about it.

ALL: Oh, what a shame—what a pity—poor girl, etc., etc.

MRS. BENTON: Your husband doesn't understand what the national debt is?

JANE: Well, I asked him and he tried to explain, but I could see he was stalling around. I said to him, "Who do we owe this money to?"

MRS. BENTON: Yes—and what did he say?

JANE: He said whom.

MRS. BENTON: Whom?

JANE: Yes, it's whom do we owe this money to. And by the way, Mrs. Benton whom *do* we owe this money to?

MRS. BENTON: Whom—well—we owe it—does it matter?

JANE: Well, I'd like to know whom we owe it to, so I can know who we have to pay.

MRS. BENTON: Pay? Well—we—that is—the country owes it—the government—that's it—the government. Now let's proceed.

JANE: Yes, but who does the government owe it to?

MRS. WILSON: Yes, come to think of it, we never did discuss that.

MRS. EDWARDS: Yes, who has all this money coming? It's a very good question.

MRS. BENTON: Girls, ours is not to question why—ours is but to do or die.

ALL *(Impressed)*: Oh!

MRS. BENTON: Now, girls, we'll sum up, as our time is rather limited. I believe it has been the decision of this Forum that the national debt must be met by taxes. Next week we'll take up the matter of China—poor little China. Now you discuss it with your husbands and we'll have another instructive Forum next week at the home of Mrs. Adams. And now our mah jong game. Come, Mrs. Ace.

JANE *(Dazed)*: What happened?

MRS. BENTON: It's mah jong time—we always start our games immediately after our little debates—thirty minutes for solemn discussion and then we relax the rest of the afternoon and play mah jong. Isn't it wonderful?

JANE: Yes, I guess so—it's the least we can do for poor little China.

THE END

The heart-warming story of a blessed event —and a miracle that followed in its train

It's a Boy, Mr. Winstead!

He put her hand to his lips and kissed it. "Yes, but ours—" he said weakly.

BY RICHARD WINKLER

☆ THE undercurrent of soft disdainful laughter, as always, flowed through the classroom when Lewis Winstead entered and took off his rubbers. His long pale face flushed red and his eyes lowered behind the rimless spectacles. He could never, in his four years of teaching at Pellham Preparatory, understand why boys considered it a mark of unmanliness to wear rubbers when the weather was wet.

This morning he was nervous and sick inside, and the faces would not focus before his eyes. Susan's baby was almost here. This morning she had been stricken by the pains again, and at this very moment she might be. . . . But Mrs. Martin was there, and the telephone. . . .

He said briskly, "We are going to write a theme. I have always allowed you to choose your own subject because I wanted you to think for yourselves. I trusted you, but you failed me. Several of you, I found, have been writing your theme before class and copying it in class, after a careful check for mistakes. Others, lazier perhaps, paid some one to write these themes for them. The ghosted themes bore the—uh—pungent flavor of one of the class members."

They knew he meant Harmon, handsome, cynical Harmon, whose sharp satires of school life and professors were read with relish by all the boys after he got them back.

Winstead picked up a piece of chalk and blew the white dust from it. They had liked his little joke. They were not immune to judicious pleasantry from him.

"Yes," he said, poising the chalk in his long, thin fingers; "we shall have no more of these Harmonized themes."

Harmon's face relaxed into a wide grin and he asked innocently: "You're not accusing me, are you?"

Now was the time to break down the boy's dislike of him. "Seriously, Mr. Harmon, as far as your work goes, you are a good student. If you can apply yourself properly, your future is promising."

From the back row Bennet yelled, "He might even grow up to be like you, huh?"

That was going too far. Lewis Winstead went rigid and his lips tightened. Laughter struck him in the face, wave upon wave. He dropped the chalk to the floor and saw it break and roll in front of his foot. Still the laughter rang, making of him a ridiculous figure before all of them. Bennet was afraid now; it showed on his face. He opened and closed his textbook. Slowly the laughter ebbed and the boys' faces took on the solemn aspect that follows mirth and the room was quiet.

"Bennet!" Winstead ignored the formal prefix. "That was *not* funny. Outside of disrespect for your superior, you have shown exceedingly bad taste. You alone will write an essay on good manners, and further misconduct will force me to inform your parents concerning you."

He turned to the blackboard and set down the theme subjects in his painfully neat hand. When he had finished he sat down behind his desk, his palms to his forehead. He was unnerved. On top of his worry about Susan, this had to happen. They had to add to his torture.

The boys were working now, and as Winstead viewed them a warmth came over him. Affection for them welled up in his heart. After all, they were boys, still children, still given to impulses of unripened judgment. Soon he would have a son of his own. He wanted desperately to catch a roving eye and receive a smile, friendly, human. But when he looked at them he could not smile. Their glances, when they rested on him, were vacuous and shifted quickly out of his range of vision.

He thought of getting up and leaving the room to telephone his home, but he was afraid to leave the boys alone. Two minutes after he left the classroom would be a madhouse—the boys out of their seats and running around the room. Throwing erasers and blowing chalk dust in each others' eyes. Some one sitting in his chair behind his desk, imitating him. No, he could not leave the room, however

much he longed to find out how Susan was.

He had been married fourteen months to Susan, and he still had not recovered from his delight at the shining beauty of that marriage. Pretty, happy Susan, younger than he was and at the same time older. And now she was to have a child. This was a marvel somehow beyond his reach. Part of him and part of Susan, flesh of their flesh, the link which would bind them forever.

There was a slight stir in the room. Winstead raised his eyes. Morris was passing a paper to Wells, and the rest were watching with wide grins. Wells scanned the sheet, and after deliberation wrote something on it, and Morris whispered loudly, "Only one more. Only fourteen!" Bennet and Klingmeyer, the palms of their hands upturned, pleaded silently for the paper. Nobody was watching Winstead. He bent his head, regarded the room through his lashes. He was ready.

Bennet won out, signed the paper, and from hand to hand it made its way back toward the front of the room, toward Harmon. Harmon took it and folded it to put in his notebook.

☆ WINSTEAD leaned across his desk. "*Just* a moment, Mr. Harmon. Bring that up here, please."

It was the first time Winstead had seen Harmon perturbed. "It's nothing, sir," he protested, flushing. "It's nothing that concerns you."

"Anything that causes a class disturbance concerns me," Winstead answered. "Bring the paper here and deposit it in the wastebasket."

Harmon stood up and walked to the desk. He bent over the wastebasket and started to tear the paper; but Winstead seized his hand.

"You need not tear it up. Drop it and return to your seat."

Harmon dropped the paper into the wastebasket as the bell rang. The boys tossed their folded themes on the desk and rushed for the door. Harmon collected his books, placed his theme on the desk, and walked out, glancing at the wastebasket.

When the classroom was empty, Winstead thought of that last involuntary glance of Harmon's, and he went over to the wire basket, stretched out an uncertain hand. Then he reached down, picked up the paper and slipped it in with the themes. He was so anxious to get home now, during his free hour, that he did not even take time to examine it.

The white house seemed so unconcerned. As Winstead mounted to the front porch platform he could see Mrs. Martin coming to the door, hear her feet pound, measured and unhurried, as her heavy body moved through the hall, and he breathed again. Nothing had happened yet.

Mrs. Martin pulled the door open. "Hello, Mr. Winstead!" she said, grinning broadly. "My, you look pale! You aren't sick?"

"No," said Winstead, "I'm not sick! How—is she?"

Mrs. Martin winked as if they were sharing a secret. "It won't be long now, doc says. She's to go this afternoon."

"Where is she now?"

Mrs. Martin was laughing at him in that superior, matronly way. "Why, she's in the living room!" she said. "Go on in; she's not asleep."

Angrily he turned from her and tiptoed into the living room. Susan was lying on the couch, her blonde head resting on a bright red pillow, a magazine in her lap. She turned toward him.

"Why, Lewis!" she said. "Darling, what time is it?"

His throat was dry. "A little after ten. I have an hour off, so I came to see—"

"But you needn't have, dear. I don't expect that much attention!" Then, seeing the wounded look in his eyes, she said quickly, "I'm glad you did, though. Come here." She drew him to the couch by her side.

"Are you worried?" Susan said.

"No," he lied. "Are you feeling all right? Is there anything I can do?"

"There's nothing you can do," she said firmly, "except sit here and talk to me. Why are you so nervous? Other people have had babies too, you know."

He put her hand to his lips and kissed it. "Yes, but ours—" he said weakly.

"I know, darling," Susan soothed him. "I understand. Don't you think you ought to go back now? They're to take me at two."

"All right," he said. "I'll be down early this evening." He bent down to kiss her, and she put her arms around him. "I love you so much, Susan," he whispered.

"Good-by, darling, and don't worry. I'll be all right."

Winstead walked toward his car, grateful for the breath of damp cool air on his heated face. Loneliness encircled him; for the first time, he realized that he was left out because he was a man. This was something that women shared together. Even Mrs. Martin was closer to Susan at this hour than he was. He sighed and drove cautiously down the street.

Ten minutes before visiting hours he was already at the hospital, waiting to see Susan, and on his way home that night he stopped in a drugstore and bought a package of cigarettes ("Just for the present, to take my mind off things," he told himself), although he had not smoked since he was a boy. Now it gave him a daring pleasure to let a cigarette hang in his lips and to blink his burning eyes when the smoke got into them.

His study was a small room off the bedroom, done in knotty-pine paneling severely finished in somber varnish. Winstead sat down at his neat desk. He had graded three themes when he thought of the paper which Harmon had so reluctantly thrown into the wastebasket, and he shuffled through the themes to find it. It was an ordinary sheet of notebook paper ruled off into three columns, and at the top it bore the words, in capital letters, WINSTEAD JACK POT. He looked at it a long time, puzzled.

In the first column were the names of boys; in the second were all the days of the week, recorded twice; and in the third were the words "boy" and "girl" alternately. "Morris—Sunday—Girl. Bennet—Sunday—Boy. Halbert—Monday—Girl. Garfield—Monday—Boy . . ."

Then he saw. They had formed a pool for the birth of his baby—Susan's baby! He felt utterly sick throughout his whole body. This was the caliber of their minds, the extent of their emotions—that they should debase a glorious thing and make it an instrument of laughter, a gamble, a game! He bowed his head on his desk. The Madonnalike quality of motherhood with which he had invested Susan was quite gone from his imagination.

☆ HE was late to class the next morning. Mrs. Martin had not been on time with his breakfast, and then he had called the hospital and talked with the desk nurse, a disembodied voice, cheerful, overflowing with reassurance. There was nothing to worry about, absolutely nothing to worry about, the voice said.

Winstead entered the classroom swiftly, sat down and removed his rubbers. He whirled his head around to stare at the boys furiously, challenging them to laugh at him. But the room was quiet.

"Your themes," Winstead began, "were unbelievably bad. It was my intention to enter in my book a failing grade for almost every one in the class. However, I shall not. Instead you will, without exception, write another theme upon the same subject as that you used yesterday."

He watched for the dismayed expression on their faces, and he had a kind of cruel joy in seeing it. Because

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this involved a repetition of labor, it was a much greater punishment than a failing grade.

For fifteen minutes he sat at his desk, his eyes fixed on the back wall some distance above their heads. Pens scratched on paper as the boys doggedly sought to fill white space. Restless feet scraped on the floor.

The door opened slowly. Winstead jumped involuntarily from sheer nervousness. A bewildered first-year messenger came up to Winstead's desk, and whispered, "You're wanted on the telephone. In the office."

Winstead stood up. "Continue your work!" He held himself in. He reached the door, his step unhurried.

It was the hospital calling. There was a terrible tightness in his head as he listened to the voice: "Mr. Winstead? Your wife . . . It's a boy, Mr. Winstead! Seven pounds and five ounces. A fine boy! You can come down right away." He heard himself answering the statements very calmly: "Is that so? Well, well! That's fine! How is she? . . . Yes, yes! I'll be down," exactly as if it were some one else's baby in whom he was expressing a polite interest. He wondered how other fathers acted.

☆ THE girl in the office looked up at him inquiringly, but he ignored her, his eyes set straight ahead. It was a great distance to the door.

Still he held himself, although inside a tremendous pressure exerted itself, seethed and struggled for release. That was fine, he thought. He was the father of a boy.

The boys were all in their seats. Their eyes were agleam with interest. Winstead took up his position behind the desk and breathed deeply. He felt strength course through his body.

"Mr. Harmon," he said stiffly—not a muscle of his face moved—"let me congratulate you. You have won the pool."

He saw Harmon's face go white and red by turns as fright and confusion gripped him.

"It is Wednesday," Winstead said, "and it's a boy." Then all at once he was laughing, a little hysterically maybe, and a voice—his voice!—was actually shouting: "A boy, do you hear? A boy!" and the boys surged out of their seats in one great overwhelming wave and crowded around him, and he saw his careful discipline collapse as they shook his hand and some one daringly slapped him on the back. The sentences were disjointed. "Good for you!" "My congratulations, sir!" "Give my respects to young Winstead!"

He broke away, panting, half fearful that they would call for three cheers for Winstead, and shot toward the door. He ran without dignity but with creditable speed. Suddenly he slowed his pace, stopped, a frown on his forehead. He was thinking of his rubbers, under the desk. Winstead stood for a full second, hesitant, and then he plunged on down the corridor.

THE END

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BY CHANNING POLLOCK

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☆ THREE years ago, at luncheon, Dr. Frederick Robinson told me he was about to give up his presidency of the College of the City of New York because he could not cope with Communism in that institution. "I don't like befouling my own nest," he said, "and so you must regard these disclosures as confidential."

I inquired, "Don't you think this a situation that requires publicity?"

The great educator smiled.

"To what end?" he asked. "Do you imagine that an aroused and outraged citizenry would rise to demand that its taxes shall not be spent in teaching treason? Almost no one would believe us, and those who did would forget the matter before morning. It takes more than a trifle like that to annoy the United States. Of late I have begun wondering what, if anything, *could* make America mad."

At the time I attributed that comment to the natural bitterness of a disappointed man. True, Liberty was printing the revelations of Communist activity to which it referred in a recent editorial, and, as that editorial said, without much effect. People read Liberty's articles by "Comrade X" and George Sokolsky, called them Red-baiting, and let it go at that. A very few thousand of us were even aware of the flood of confirmation in books that ranged from the colloquialism of Krivitsky's In Stalin's Secret Service to the close-packed facts of Professor Lasswell's World Revolutionary Propaganda. But the majority were apathetic.

January 23, 1939, in a debate with Earl Browder broadcast by America's Town Meeting of the Air, I quoted President Robinson without identifying him. The result was a violent diatribe addressed to me in the lobby by a professor of City College, and nothing else, except the beginning of my unpopularity with a number of editors and chairmen of lecture-program committees.

By the summer of 1939 I found myself waking in the night to echo Dr. Robinson's "What, if anything, could make America mad?" Certainly, *then* millions of people knew of the vigorous and highly effective spreading of subversive doctrine, not only in our schools but in our churches, our labor unions, and what not, and apparently nobody cared a damn. I spoke on Americanism in a high school in suburban New York, and one of its principal teachers asked me whether I didn't think I was "defending an indefensible system." A group of young hoodlums in a Midwestern college heckled me all through the

A disturbing challenge to believers in democracy

lecture, after which the college president remarked, "They're young Communists, of course, but I can't feel that I should attempt to control their political beliefs." In a Southern university, following my talk, two students made speeches advocating the overthrow of our government. The chancellor felt sure "they were sent here by the Young Communist League, but I can't prove it, and I'd probably lose my job if I tried." I acquired a fine collection of Communist pamphlets distributed in classrooms, and prepared an article quoting them freely. That article remains unpublished. One editor said, "Your piece should be called Much Ado About Nothing. These boys and girls have as much right to hear arguments in favor of Communism as they have to hear speakers for the Democrats or Republicans."

By the autumn of 1939 I'd decided to carry the matter straight to whatever public I could reach with my voice. If I described the situation as I saw it, as vividly and dramatically as possible, to a quarter of a million thinking people in lecture audiences, there should be some result. There wasn't. Most audiences were frankly bored. The left-wing groups hissed, but the other side rarely applauded, or, if they did, let it go at that.

Two years later, all the charges made as to Communism in our educational institutions are being substantiated by the Rapp-Coudert Committee in New York, but I am still waiting for us to get mad.

Events costly if not fatal to our defense effort have demonstrated the Communist influence in our labor unions revealed five years ago by such authorities as Edward Dean Sullivan, Don Levine, Benjamin Stolberg, and Westbrook Pegler. Our so-called intelligentsia continue to flood the country with newspaper and magazine articles, books and plays designed to undermine our democracy. Over and over again we have seen long lists of Communist front organizations. Every one knows the influences at work to divide and destroy the United States, and little or nothing is done. The Dies Committee wearies us, and if we have confidence in the work of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, that is partly because the easiest way is to let George —or J. Edgar Hoover—do it.

What's the use getting mad? Chiefly, I should say, that there isn't going to be any very thorough or effective cleaning of our Augean stables until at least a segment of our population begins to lose patience and cries out for brooms. After all, this is a pretty serious business. Oceans of blood and tears went into the creation of our commonwealth—into a system that has given us a century and a half of contentment and prosperity. It would be too bad to see that system, or our nation, destroyed by a few thousand alien or native termites boring in the dark, while we toss off a few light bits as to civil liberties and go back to our baseball scores. Every conquered democracy in Europe owes its fall to forces like these and to indifference like ours. We still have enough freedom of the press, enough patriotic writers and speakers to keep us informed. They were on the job, crying in the wilderness, during all the dangerous years in which we did absolutely nothing. Now, if ever, the time has come to get mad, to get tough, and throw out or lock up the hamstringers in every department of our national life.

Tolerance has definite limits; so, too, has adherence to St. Theresa's "Let nothing disturb thee, nothing affright thee." All things *are* passing, and when we reach that state of complacency, our nation is going to be one of them. Reluctantly, I must agree with Hitler that his "real allies in America are indifference and apathy."

THE END

BILL MACKENZIE AND THE STAINLESS SIREN

Continued from Page 13

"What has he to object to?" she inquired acidly, and added, "My son!" in such a disgusted tone that they both laughed.

Spring of 1939 came late in upper New York State. On Easter Sunday the lake was frozen solid and some of the roads were still impassable with snow. Bill went to church with his parents—the same church where Geoff and Marian had been married five years before—and after the services people stood outside in the cold bright sunlight and talked.

Sally Harrison—Sally Carter that was—joined the Lane-Mackenzie group. "Bill, will you come home with us for dinner?" she asked abruptly. "Judy's down for vacation, and I thought we might make up a skating party this afternoon."

☆ BILL'S blue eyes looked surprised. "Why, thanks, Sally, but I'm having dinner with—"

"Don't say it!" she interrupted him. "Let me guess!" She grinned at Bill's mother as she turned sweetly to Marian. "Darling, may Bill have dinner with us today?"

Marian said, "Why not?" and her dimples dented her bright cheeks. She had always been the prettiest girl in Hendon, but that Easter Sunday she was ravishing. She was wearing black velvet, a long coat with a coachman's cape, very tight about her slender waist, trimmed with ermine. Her blonde hair blew out from beneath a small velvet-and-ermine hat, and her hands were tucked into a small muff.

Bill was looking at her. "I promised Pete I'd take him coasting today," he said.

Marian laughed. "As though Pete knew one day from another!" She smiled at Sally. "Is Judy here?"

"I couldn't make her come to church. This younger generation hasn't the sense of tradition that we have, Marian." Sally was twenty-five, a year younger than Marian, but she looked like the impudent brat she had been at fifteen as she tucked her arm through Bill Mackenzie's. "Come on, Uncle Billy—you-all done been sol' down the rivah."

The cold air made every one's face glow, but some of the color in Sally's cheeks was from excitement. She felt, she told herself, like St. George and the dragon, or something. Before she married Tom she had been a little in love with Bill herself. She was no Marian; Tom was all that she wanted now; but the abrupt thought that Judy might step into the picture was provocative. Bill was too much of a person to remain under Marian Lane's thumb. Every one in Hendon would be overjoyed to see him break away, and for Judy to rescue him would be a feather in her own cap.

She wished, as they drove home through the snow, that she could have given Judy some warning; but the idea of asking Bill for dinner had not occurred to her until they all met outside the church. She crossed her fingers and hoped for the best—the worst being that Judy would be in one of her tomboy moods—which made her, in Sally's eyes, as seductive as a turnip.

The moment she opened her door she saw that it was the worst. Judy, who had made her think of Marlene Dietrich at the dance the night before, was wearing ski pants and sweater, seated on the floor in front of an open fire doing something to her nephew's toy fire engine. The red pants made her long legs look even longer than usual; the uncompromising, unbecoming boy's sweater destroyed every feminine curve.

She looked up at them with a quick smile. "Is there a mechanic in the house?" she asked in the voice which with an evening dress the night before had sounded husky and alluring but with her present costume sounded like an adolescent boy's.

Oh, well, thought Sally disappointedly, it had been a good try. She went into the kitchen to tell Clara that they had a guest, and Tom began mixing a cocktail. When the Harrisons returned to their living room, Bill and Judy were bent over the engine, Judy's brown curls brushing Bill's fair hair.

"That does it," said Bill, and as they both stood up Sally realized again how ridiculous she had been. Judy was tall for a girl, almost as tall as Bill. No man who went off the deep end for Marian's fragility could possibly be attracted to her.

☆ AFTER dinner, when Bill asked, "What about this skating expedition?" Sally shrugged.

"I think it's too cold," she said. Let it drop, she told herself resignedly.

"I'd like to skate," he said, and looked at Judy Carter. "How do you feel about it?"

They went out together, and in the dusk they came back, stamping and blowing on their hands.

"Bill's staying for supper," Judy announced. "Give him a drink, Tom, and I'll go change my clothes."

Sally looked at her sharply when she returned from changing. Pink was known in their family as a courting color, and Judy had put on a dusty-pink dinner dress. Sally's pearl earrings gleamed against Judy's brown hair, and Sally's best perfume drifted about her as she moved.

Bill went home a little before midnight, and as the door closed behind him Sally said, "You go on up to bed, Tom. Judy and I'll put out the lights."

Judy's smile was tremulous as she faced her sister's scrutiny. "I don't want to go back to college next week, Sal," she said huskily.

"No?" asked Sally.

"No," said Judy softly. She laughed, and there was nothing boyish about her laughter. "I want to stay here and marry Bill," she added honestly.

"Oh, Judy!" Sally said.

"I can't understand it," Judy said wonderingly. "I've known him all my life and I always liked him, but I never realized—" Her voice broke. "That's love, isn't it, Sal?" she asked.

Sally Harrison bit her underlip. "But, honey, Bill—" She looked away from her sister's radiance.

Judy said, "You mean Marian?" when Sally did not go on. She flung back her head and snapped her fingers. "Pouf!" she cried. "That for Marian! She's got a husband of her own. She can't expect to keep Bill hanging around forever!"

Sally was disturbed. It had been one thing to play with the idea of a flirtation between Bill and Judy, but to see her sister so utterly, unashamedly in love was something else. Hurting Marian's vanity, rescuing Bill Mackenzie from her domination, would be an achievement; but hurting Judy . . . "We'd better go to bed," she said.

The first thing that Sally heard in the morning was Judy's laughter, mingled with the baby's chuckles, in the nursery. Laugh before breakfast, you'll cry before night, she thought soberly.

"And why are you sitting up in bed looking like the Cumaean Sibyl, my love?" her husband's voice demanded from the pillow beside her.

Her eyes were troubled. "Tom, Judy's falling in love with Bill."

"What's the matter with that?"

"Marian," she answered shortly.

"She can't expect to keep him forever," Tom said.

"I wonder," Sally murmured.

There was no question of how Judy felt, and Bill Mackenzie during the next few days presented an excellent picture of a young man falling in love. He was in and out of the Harrison house at all hours; he and Judy went places and did things together daily. Judy had never been so lovely.

Marian telephoned one morning early, and Sally, answering, stiffened like a bird dog at a scent.

"I want to have a little party for Judy before she goes back," she said. "When's a good night?"

Never, thought Sally mistrustfully, while she replied, "Friday, maybe? She's leaving Sunday morning."

A party for Judy—a farewell party for Judy. Farewell to Bill Mackenzie. Good-by, little girl; it was nice seeing you . . .

Sally helped her sister dress, hovering about her so solicitously that Judy laughed. "It's only a party, Sal—it's not a world première."

☆ THERE were twelve of them at dinner, Marian and Geoff and Bill, Sally and Tom and Kitty Michaelson neatly balanced against six of the younger generation. Usually Marian wore clothes which bordered on the quaint, full-skirted, tight-waisted frocks to emphasize her doll-like prettiness; but this evening she

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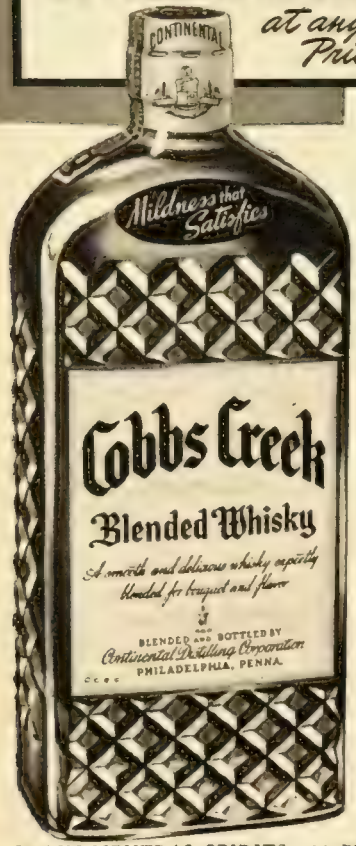

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was sophistication incarnate. She was only twenty-six to Judy's twenty-one, but tonight she was playing the woman of thirty, illustrating the Gallic ideal of that age, which combines the freshness of youth with the allurements of maturity and experience.

After dinner, Geoff and Kitty Michaelson got out the chessboard, and suddenly Sally and Tom found themselves playing bridge against Bill and Marian, cleaving the party neatly and completely. Sometimes, when he was dummy, Bill would look across the room at Judy and smile. Sometimes, when Bill was playing, Sally would see Judy watching him.

"Why don't you kids play The Game?" Marian suggested. "Have you played it, Judy? It's lots of fun. We can move our table to the sun porch and give you plenty of room."

Sally said, "Why don't we all play?" but Marian did not hear her. Bill was carrying the bridge table, and Tom brought the chairs. Marian closed the glass doors softly.

"They'll have a better time without us," she murmured.

☆ SALLY glared at her, and Tom Harrison kicked his wife's ankle under the table. Three hours later, in their bedroom, he said, "Darling, you have such an expressive face! But Marian *was* your hostess."

"I hate her!" declared Sally passionately. She looked up at him miserably. "It isn't fair, Tom! Judy's crying her eyes out. Marian's so damnably clever. Bill hasn't the faintest idea what happened."

Tom was silent, frowning.

"Do you realize that she had it all planned?" Sally demanded. "She picked up Kitty in her own car this afternoon, just so Bill would have to drive her home tonight and couldn't come with Judy."

"If Bill's really interested in Judy," he began slowly, "don't you think—"

"No," she interrupted him. "Bill hasn't the chance of a snowball in hell to get interested in any girl. Marian won't let him."

Tom shrugged. "Bill's over twenty-one, Sally. It seems to me—"

"You're just another man," she said flatly. "You don't understand."

Bill drove Judy to her train on Sunday morning. He had intended to anyway, but it had been Marian's suggestion. "You ought to see Judy off," she told him, the night before. "Girls her age get a terrific kick out of the attentions of an older man."

Bill had laughed, not heartily. "How time flies! Am I really an older man now, Marian?"

Her dimples dented her cheeks. "Well, you're older than Judy," she said. "Older than *me*."

He did not kiss Judy good-by. He had intended to do that, too, but when the moment came, he couldn't. Something held him back. Was he really an older man? He shook her hand and patted her shoulder roughly and felt utterly confused. "Good-by, Bill," she said very quietly, and did not even look back, though he stood on the platform until the train pulled out. He drove slowly to the Lane farmhouse, where Marian's children rushed out to greet him.

Geoff said, "Well, you old cradle-snatcher!"

Peter was pulling at his hand. "Come wiv me, Uncle Billy. Come at once. I mean it." Wendy was wrapped around his left leg like a vine.

"Bill, honey, would you sharpen the carving knife?" Marian called. "Geoff always makes it duller. Pure defense mechanism, of course."

Cradle-snatcher. Older man. Judy Carter was on her way back to school, and here were Marian and Geoff and the kids and the familiar room which he had designed for them five years ago. The deep wine-colored chair at the left of the fireplace was his chair, Uncle Billy's chair, just as the deep blue one was Geoff's, and the blue-and-wine velours couch between them Marian's. . . .

"What are you thinking about?" Marian demanded, her voice vibrant and charming with amusement.

Bill looked at her vaguely. "I don't know," he said.

"Well, stop it!" she ordered. "You look positively fey!"

"Come wiv me, I say," Peter insisted. "Uncle Billy, it's the *wabbit!*"

"The wabbit has produced again," Marian explained. "Personally, I think this business of rabbits is going to give the children highly exaggerated ideas about life."

Bill grinned. "Highly exaggerated," he agreed. He swung Peter to one shoulder, swooped up the squealing Wendy and perched her on the other. "O. K. Come along and tell Uncle Billy about the birds and the flowers," he said.

☆ ONLY strangers, visiting firemen or newcomers to Hendon, and the crop of girls who each year passed over from adolescence to maturity ever commented now on the Lane-Mackenzie contingent.

Sally Harrison, whose wit had always been spiced with a degree of malice, made cracks about them, but every one knew that she disliked Marian. Judy Carter, Sally's sister, who worked in the First National Bank and was the most popular girl in Hendon, made no comments. And Bill's mother never said a word, except occasionally to Bill's father, or, less vehemently, to Bill himself.

"I thought you were interested in Judy Carter," she said, once. "She's an awfully attractive girl, Bill."

"Still trying to marry me off?" he inquired. "What's the matter—don't you like me around?"

"You're almost thirty," she told him reproachfully. "It's time you thought about marriage."

"I think about it," he retorted. "And then I don't do it. I guess I'm a bachelor at heart."

"There's no such thing," she snapped. And added to her husband, some hours later in the privacy of their chamber, "There ought to be a law

against women like Marian Lane. They're so much more destructive than women who are really bad. A man can get tired of an affair, but if it never happens, he doesn't have anything to get bored with."

Sam Mackenzie smiled at her indulgently. "I've always suspected that you were a fundamentally immoral woman, Alice," he remarked. "You'd really prefer it if Marian and Bill were having a love affair, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would," she answered shamelessly. "He'd be bored with her in a month. Lord knows, Geoff plays around quite a bit."

☆ IN October of 1941 the Lanes celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary with an enormous party at the Country Club. "Copper, isn't it?" Sally Harrison was heard to comment. "Shouldn't Bill get a new copper-studded dog collar?"

"Oh, drop it, Sal," said her husband.

If Bill wanted to spend his life as family friend and uncle by courtesy, it was his business, he thought, and he was echoing the opinion of most of Hendon. Marion and Geoff and Bill—like Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. Well, why not? If they liked it that way.

Possibly it would have continued that way forever if Marian had not grown jealous of Geoffrey. It was the week following the anniversary party that Bill came into the Lane living room and found her in tears.

"Why, Marian!" he said, aghast. "What's the matter?"

Her soft mouth twisted into a bitter smile. "I've just found out, that's all."

"Found out what?" he asked her.

The smile was like a grimace. She looked like a strange woman, with her eyes puffed out of shape and her nose red. "About Geoff and that girl."

Bill sat down on the end of the couch. "Geoff and what girl?"

Suspicion and mistrust were in her face as she looked back at him. "The girl in his office. Her name's Terry—Eunice Terry."

"I never heard of her," said Bill. "Terry? I don't know any Terrys."

"You wouldn't," she retorted. "They live out beyond the factory. Nobody knows them. She's only nineteen." Her face puckered again, and she buried her head in one of the pillows and sobbed. Bill patted her shoulder.

"Look here, Marian, this is crazy. I'm sure that Geoff isn't interested in any girl in his office.

"He told me about her! He said she looks the way I did at her age!" She repeated the words passionately: "The way I did at her age!"

Bill wanted to smile. "What's so wrong with that?" he asked mildly.

Her words poured out in a torrent. Kitty Michaelson had seen Geoff and this girl in his car. Anne Warner had seen them and thought that the girl was Marian. When she asked Geoff, he admitted that he had driven her home from work several times. "You've got to talk to him, Bill," she insisted. "You've got to tell him that he can't do this!"

"Do what?" Bill asked rather impatiently. "Drive a girl home?"

Marian jumped to her feet. "I won't have it!" she declared. "He can't humiliate me like this!"

Bill said, "Pipe down Marian. You'll have Clara running in, in a minute."

It was the first time that he had ever addressed her in that tone.

"Does Geoff say he's in love with this girl?"

"Of course not." she answered. "But I don't believe him."

He grinned. "It sounds like a temp-

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est in a teapot to me," he murmured. "I'll ask Geoff, if that's what you want." She was standing with her back to the fireplace, the afternoon sunlight full upon her. "You look terrible," he added. "Go wash your face and fix your hair."

Her lips parted to speak, and then compressed. Abruptly she whirled about and left the room, her footsteps hammering angrily on the stairs. Bill shrugged and lighted a cigarette, picked up the evening newspaper. After a while Geoff's car grated on the gravel drive, and Geoff came in.

"Hello," he said. "Where's Marian?"

"Dressing, I guess," said Bill.

Geoff's dark eyes flickered. "She wasn't speaking to me when I last saw her. Is she still mad?"

Bill nodded. "I'm elected," he said. "Where were you on the night of May 17?"

"Why don't you break out some ice while I blend something delicately in the shaker?" Geoff suggested. "What did she tell you?"

"She thinks you're interested in a girl in your office," said Bill, following him into the pantry.

Geoff uncorked a bottle and measured out liquid carefully. "I am."

Bill emptied ice cubes into the thermos jug. "In a nice way, I trust?"

"Oh, a very nice way," Geoff replied. "Get the glasses, will you?"

They returned to the living room.

☆ "EUNICE will give you a start," Geoff said. "She's what is vulgarly known as the spitting image of Marian at her age."

"Marian mentioned that you'd said that," Bill murmured.

Marian's husband grinned. "That's what burns her up," he said. He filled their glasses. "Here's to crime."

"She's pretty much upset about it," Bill persisted.

"You're telling me?"

"Don't mind old Uncle Billy," said Bill, "the family friend."

Geoff's eyes met his ironically. "That's right, isn't it?" he said. "Well, I'll tell you. I suspect that Eunice thinks of me as an old, old married man. Her house happens to be on my way home, and I've dropped her off half a dozen times." He laughed. "That's all. And Marian isn't really jealous, either, you know. She isn't a jealous woman. Ever noticed it? She's had the odd occasion when she could have been—with reason." He refilled their glasses. "Jealousy's a form of insecurity, and Marian has never felt insecure about anything." He stared at Bill. "Eh, brother?"

Bill did not answer.

"This is a simple question of vanity," said Geoff, looking judicious. "It's a horse of another color entirely."

Bill set down his glass. "Yeah," he murmured. "I see what you mean." He was silent a moment, preoccupied. "Well, I'd better be getting home."

"Won't you stay for dinner?"

"Not tonight, thanks."

Geoff said, "O. K.," and whacked him affectionately. "Go with God, little brother."

Bill drove home absent-mindedly. He was only half aware of his mother's pleasant voice, relating bits of news and good-humored gossip, as they ate dinner.

He could not formulate a reason, but when dinner was over and he went into the living room with his parents, he felt as though he did not belong there. He moved about restlessly, picked up a book, set it down.

"What is the matter with you?" his mother demanded. "You're like a cat before a thunderstorm."

Bill laughed. "I seem to have the jitters tonight. Want to go to a movie?" Again, instantly and overpoweringly, he had that sense of not belonging. It was absurd for a man of his age to have nothing more exciting to do than take his mother to the movies.

When he appeared in Geoff Lane's office the next afternoon, Geoff grinned broadly. "Come to see for yourself?" he asked.

"Why not?" Bill retorted. "As a matter of fact, I stopped in because—"

"Save your breath," said Geoff. He pressed a button. "Eunice, I called you in for purely social reasons. Mr. Mackenzie wants to meet you."

The girl in the doorway looked gravely at Geoff, and then turned her blue eyes inquiringly to Bill.

"Mr. Mackenzie—Miss Terry," Geoff murmured formally.

Bill swallowed.

"Don't mind Eunice," Geoff added. "She's hardened to it."

The girl smiled politely—Marian's smile, flanked by Marian's dimples. Not Marian today, but Marian ten years ago. Bill had not realized until now how much she had changed.

"Carries you back, eh?" asked Geoff, chuckling.

Bill said, "We're being very rude, Miss Terry. You'll have to excuse the maunderings of two old men."

The dimples flickered; the blue eyes moved deliberately over Bill. "You don't look so old," said Eunice Terry.

Bill whooped. "Actually, I'm years younger than Lane," he confided. "He used to wheel me in my pram."

"You must have been a pretty baby," the girl said demurely.

Bill Mackenzie said, "Aren't you needed in the stockroom or the stockyard or some place, Geoff?" His eyes were bright and excited. "This really isn't a bit sudden, Miss Terry, because I knew you in another life. Would you have dinner with me tonight? For old times' sake?"

"Thank you. I'd like to very much," said Eunice Terry.

☆ PEOPLE talked. All over Hendon, people talked and laughed and conjectured. Could Bill Mackenzie be seriously interested in this girl from the wrong side of the tracks, or had the worm turned at last and was it a case of simple rebellion? The resemblance between Eunice and Marian made the situation all the more piquant. In the beginning, when reports first drifted in to the various gossip headquarters, people thought it was Marian who had been seen in

Bill's parked car by the lake, or dancing with him at the Greenwood Inn, or sitting beside him in the movie theater.

"Marian must feel like the mother in a French novel whose daughter cuts her out," Sally Harrison remarked, one night at dinner. She added the question which every one was asking: "Do you suppose Bill is really serious?"

Her husband shrugged. "It's his business," he murmured.

"Nonsense!" contradicted Sally. "If he married her, it would be every one's business. Either we'd have to accept her or drop Bill."

Judy said sharply, "Don't be silly, Sal. There'd never be any question of dropping Bill."

Tom lifted an eyebrow.

"Oh, well," said Sally, her voice suddenly gentle. "There's no use crossing bridges, is there?"

"No," said Judy.

☆ EACH year the Hendon Country Club closed for the winter with a Halloween party, and the party was in full swing when Bill appeared with Eunice Terry. People did not actually stop talking to stare at them, but eyes slid sideways and conversation abruptly changed subject matter. This was either an announcement of intentions or sheer defiance on Bill's part, and when he took the girl's arm and guided her around the dance floor toward Marian Lane, most people stared frankly.

Marian was smiling, standing quietly, watching them approach. She was looking extremely lovely in a tawny champagne-colored velvet dress almost the exact color of her hair. Eunice Terry's blue chiffon frock was tawdry and pathetic beside it, but Eunice's hair was like spun gold, her complexion like a baby's.

Marian held out her hand. "We *do* look alike," she said. "I can see it myself."

Eunice's eyes were wide with admiration. "If I thought I could ever look like you!" she exclaimed, and then flushed.

Geoff Lane asked, "Will you dance with me, Eunice?" and she nodded eagerly.

Bill looked at Marian. "Dance?"

"My rheumatism's rather bad tonight," she retorted, slipping into his arms. "Honestly, Bill, what's the idea?"

"What idea?" he inquired blandly.

She shrugged. "All right," she said. "Don't tell me."

"You're extremely beautiful this evening, Mrs. Lane," said Bill.

"I'm well preserved," she told him dryly, and he laughed.

Judy Carter came up to them when their dance ended. "Sally's giving me a birthday party on the 7th," she said. "Will you both come? Would you like to bring Miss Terry, Bill?"

Marian's eyes went swiftly to Judy's face, remained there speculatively.

Bill's eyes were unreadable. "You're getting to be a big girl, aren't you, Judy?" he said. "Twenty-two, is it?"

"Twenty-three," she corrected.

"H'm-m!" said Bill. "How time flies!" He looked at Marian, and then back at Judy, and his mouth twitched. "Care to dance?"

"Of course," answered Judy.

☆ SHE had a new pink dress for her twenty-third birthday, and a pink-frosted cake with tall candles. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement and her eyes very bright.

"We're going to play games, like a real birthday party," she told her guests. "Pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey—all the old numbers." She slipped her arm about Eunice Terry's shoulder and led her across to a young man. "This is Paul Norton, Eunice. You and he will have to sit out the first game. You'll see why in a minute."

Tom and Geoff were carrying a screen into the room. Thumbtacked to its surface were twenty-odd photographs of twenty-odd babies.

"There's a first prize and a booby prize," Judy continued in her husky voice. "They're *us*. Write down the numbers and who you think they are."

Shouts of laughter drowned out her voice as they crowded up to the screen. "This one obviously grew up to be an idiot," Kitty Michaelson exclaimed, and added, "Heavens, I hope it isn't me! Look at Ted Heath! Ted, you haven't changed in twenty-five years!"

Judy cast a hostess' glance at Eunice, who was getting along beautifully with young Norton.

"Nice going, Judy," Marian Lane murmured close to her ear.

Judy smiled blandly, standing alone, watching her guests. Bill Mackenzie extricated himself from the group and came up to her.

"Finished already?" she asked.

"It's the architect in me," he answered, showing her a completed list. "They're like so many blueprints. You're number eleven, aren't you!"

She nodded.

He looked over his shoulder at Eunice, who did not see him. He looked back at Judy.

"Do you remember the party Marian gave for you?" he demanded.

She nodded again, her face grave.

"Time passes on," said Bill.

"That's right," she agreed.

His eyes were probing and intent, and she met them squarely.

"Where's the bridge table?" he asked.

"Other times, other customs."

"That's right," he said. "Some people are kinder than others, too."

She was silent.

"I didn't want to play bridge, you know," he told her.

"Didn't you?" murmured Judy.

Behind them, Eunice Terry laughed, the high, excited laughter of a very young girl at a party. Bill shook his head. "I let it get under my skin when Marian called me a cradle-snatcher two years ago," he said.

"Did you?" said Judy.

"Did you ever wonder why I didn't kiss you good-by?" he asked.

She held her breath. Did she ever wonder . . .

The group around the screen was

Great for Making Cars Beautiful!

Want to bring back the glorious beauty of your car? All you have to do is use Simoniz Kleener. And you can get either the paste or the liquid, as you prefer. Liquid Simoniz Kleener is new! It's different! Motorists agree it makes cars more beautiful in less time and with less effort than any other liquid. Try it and see! Then, to save the beauty, protect the finish with Simoniz. Give your car this world-famous beauty treatment today!

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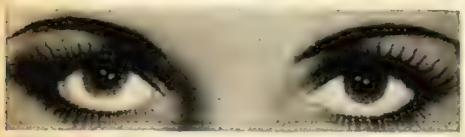
MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away it starts to *cleanse* and *soothe*. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 6 *extra* ingredients wash away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—let it help you, too.

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS! Murine relieves and soothes the discomfort of irritated, reddened eyes. Try it!

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SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

SPANISH

Learn by mail at home in your spare time. The tide has started—everywhere in U.S.A.! Watch (1) diplomats, (2) business men, (3) women's clubs. NEW **BUSINESS, CULTURAL and SOCIAL** opportunities for office help, factory workers, salesmen and club women. Perhaps **YOUR BIG CHANCE? WRITE** for first 2 lessons—no charge—no obligations.

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Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

CHASERS

KILL ALCOHOL and TOBACCO BREATH

Package of 5 tablets **5¢**

AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

Chasers Inc., New York City, N. Y.

noisy and vociferous, exchanging insults with the familiarity of long practice.

"Judy," said Bill, "let's get out of here."

She looked at him.

"Don't be silly."

"Silly!" he echoed. His face was almost somber. "I've been plenty silly. Two years—ten years—"

"Bill!" she cried. "Hush! People will hear you."

"You think I'd care? You think I don't know all the things they've said?" He took her arm roughly. "Come on. I've got to talk to you."

Her voice shook. "I can't, Bill. I'm the hostess. And you can't, either. You brought a guest."

He looked at Eunice and young Norton. "She's having a lovely time," he said. "That was nice of you, Judy, to ask Paul. Come on—or do you want me to carry you?"

The noise of the party followed them down the driveway. Bill turned into the lake road, and neither of them spoke until he cut the motor.

"I wouldn't believe a man could be such a fool," he said, then.

"I don't think I understand," Judy murmured faintly. "Are you—I mean, you *are* in love with Eunice, aren't you?"

"Oh, Judy!" he said. "Of course I'm not."

"But—" Her clear eyes were troubled. "Doesn't she think you are?"

"No," said Bill. "I've given her a good time and she's had fun." He smiled. "If I asked her to marry me, she'd probably say yes. Eunice is—practical. It isn't only in looks that she's like Marian, you know."

Judy's throat contracted.

"It's been very instructive, this resemblance between them," he added. "I suppose Eunice has been like an antitoxin. Do you know what I mean, Judy?"

She nodded. "I wouldn't tell any one else that, if I were you," she remarked dryly. "Marian might not like the implication."

"Marian," said Bill thoughtfully. "You know, I'll never be able to look at her again without seeing Eunice. . . . Why didn't you tell me, Judy?"

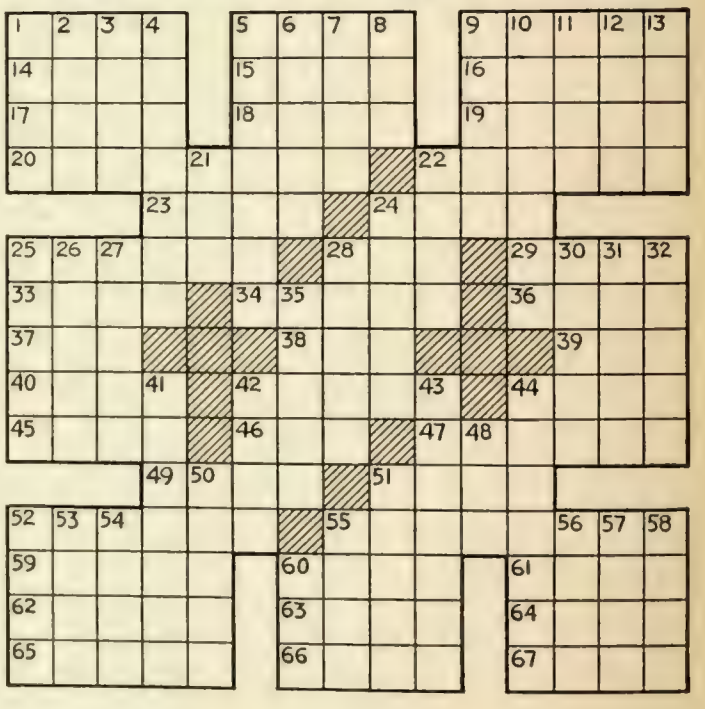
"Oh, Bill!" she said reproachfully.

"I've wasted such a lot of time," he went on soberly. "I'll be thirty my next birthday. Seven years older than you." He took her hand. "Judy, is it too much?"

Her voice trembled. "Don't you ever know anything, Bill Mackenzie?" she demanded. "Without being told?"

THE END

CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin

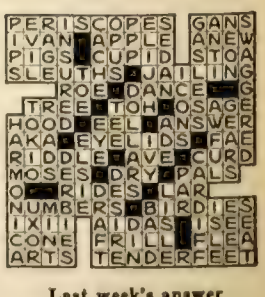


HORIZONTAL

1 Stalk
5 Young lady
9 City in Massachusetts
14 Busy assemblage
15 An elaborate melody
16 Alert
17 Correct
18 An herb
19 Geometrical figure (pl.)
20 Entrust
22 Judge's chamber
23 Anger
24 Island east of Java
25 Revoke
28 Piece of machinery
29 Cozy residence
33 Dry
34 Male duck
36 Assert
37 Insectivorous mammal
38 Part of to be
39 American humorist
40 On the ocean
42 Cognizant of
44 Poem (pl.)
45 Sea swallow
46 Encountered
47 Additional clause to a document (pl.)
49 Pitcher
51 Roman emperor
52 Pollen bearing organ of flower
55 Courage
59 Conveyance
60 American Indian tribe
61 On or at the summit
62 Improve
63 Encourage
64 Ripped
65 An ancient race
66 Learned
67 Over again

VERTICAL

1 Rude shelter
2 Turning point
3 Wicked
4 Measured, as gas or water
5 Conducted
6 Angry
7 Title of respect
8 Melancholy
9 Evergreen shrub
10 Constituent of common clay
11 Length without breadth
12 Always
13 High tableland
21 Silence
22 Arrived
24 One who makes bread, etc.
25 Clerical collar
26 Expunge
27 Saltpeter
28 Measure of weight
30 Avoid
31 Jewish feast
32 Lock of hair
35 Less cooked
41 Flower
42 Word of ratification
43 Hermit
44 Order made up of dragonflies
48 Anger
50 Goes
51 Part of neck (pl.)
52 Glided smoothly
53 Docile
54 Old
55 Chinese desert
56 Kind of jacket
57 Painful
58 Spit out
60 Hawthorn



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

BEVERLY HILLS' Movie Guide

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ CHARLEY'S AUNT

It takes quite a stretch of the imagination to believe in Jack Benny, the ace radio comedian, as a young Oxford student who has had a lot of trouble being graduated. Once you get over that hurdle, you'll find Brandon Thomas' forty-nine-year-old farce to be an amusing antique—even hilarious at moments.

It seems that the two pals of young Lord Fancourt Babberley (that's Benny, believe it or not) need a chaperon while they pay court to two pretty girls. And, since their aunt fails to arrive on schedule, they force Babberley to don skirts and wig for the job. In no time "aunty" is arousing the amorous interests of two elderly blades who believe "she" is a wealthy old girl from Brazil.

Translated into seventeen languages as a stage farce, Charley's Aunt is reported to have been done more times behind the footlights than any play since Hamlet. Be that as it may, the present celluloid version is diverting, Benny is funny, the laughs are neatly timed, and there's Kay Francis as the real aunt amusedly watching the giddy proceedings from the side lines.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

★ ★ ★ HERE COMES MR. JORDAN

Hollywood is taking pot shots at the supernatural. This is one of the first. It has novelty and considerable (shall we say?) shady humor, but Robert Montgomery isn't at his best as the spirit of a highly promising, saxophone-tooting light-heavyweight who is killed in a plane accident while in training for his biggest fight.

The wraith of Joe Pendleton puts up a stiff protest about his demise to the Chief Dispatcher — sometimes known as Mr. Jordan—at the Grand Central Terminal where spirits are routed to St. Peter or elsewhere. It seems that Joe's soul was snatched fifty years too soon by overzealous Heavenly Messenger No. 7013 and shouldn't have crashed at all. So Joe wins the argument; gets shifted to the body of a young millionaire just murdered by his unfaithful wife and her lover. Later he's shifted, this time permanently, to the better fitting body of another pugilist just shot by gangsters. Thus the pug (with Joe inside) gets off the canvas, with a bullet through his heart, to win the championship.

Best of the cast is James Gleason as Joe's tough but bewildered fight manager, who tries to follow his astral prodigy from one body to another. Claude Rains seems colorless as Mr. Jordan. But, on second thought, maybe he should be colorless.

(Columbia Pictures.)

★ ★ ★ WILD GEESE CALLING

For all its recent publication, Stewart Edward White's novel of rugged adventure in the Northwest seems dated. This romance of a lumberjack and a dance-hall queen is in the best tradition of the early 1900s.

John Murdock is a restless young woodsman, who beats his way to the Seattle water front, where, it seems, he has an appointment with a shifty pal, one Blackie. But there's no Blackie waiting—and in no time John has fallen for a café dancer known as Sally. She's sweet and true, a little diamond of the dives. He marries the gal, the trail leads on to Alaska, Blackie appears, on Blackie's trail is a no-good named Pirate Kelly, hot upon settling an old score.

Henry Fonda and Joan Bennett do their best to make John and Sally believable; Fonda is several degrees more successful. Warren William acts a lot as the shrewd sharper Blackie.

Wild Geese Calling is adequate escapist fiction; far too slow paced, but competently acted.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road.

★★★—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS, by Vincent Sheean.

If not a great novel, this story is by far the best book Sheean has written since Personal History. It's the story of the coming of age of Bill Owen, whose German mother suffered the behavior of their emotional neighbors in an Ohio town during the months preceding the last United States declaration of war. Not the least of its merits is the small-town background you'll remember.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

O sweet and lovely
Lady be good.
O Lady be good
To me.

★ ★ ★ ★

We are in voice today. It's not that hint of autumn in the air. Nor is it the pretty compliments we've been receiving from the public about "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

★ ★ ★ ★

The fact is that we've been vocally hypnotized by Ann Sothern's song efforts in "Lady Be Good". So please pardon our Sothern accent.

★ ★ ★ ★

You've seen her as "Maisie". But did you know she could sing like that? Neither did we. In case you don't get around to the picture, here's the way she does it.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm just a lonesome
Babe in the wood,
So Lady be good
To me.

★ ★ ★ ★

What a film! What a fine film! What a mighty fine film! It has a plot that's hot, a cast that's fast, comic scenes that are anatomic, and throngs of songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Eleanor Powell has never been better. Toe, ankle, leg, thigh, torso, arms, shoulders, head. All dance together in real rhythm.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jack McGowan wrote an original. Then he and Kay Van Riper and John McClain fashioned a screen play. Then Norman McLeod directed. Result—Oo-la-la!

★ ★ ★ ★

Add music by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Roger Edens, lyrics by Ira Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein and Arthur Freed. Then serve.

★ ★ ★ ★

Footnotes: Robert Young turns in a stunning co-starring job. Lionel Barrymore is still the old master. John Carroll is a discovery. Red Skelton is Joe Comic. Virginia O'Brien is a bright flash in the dead pan.

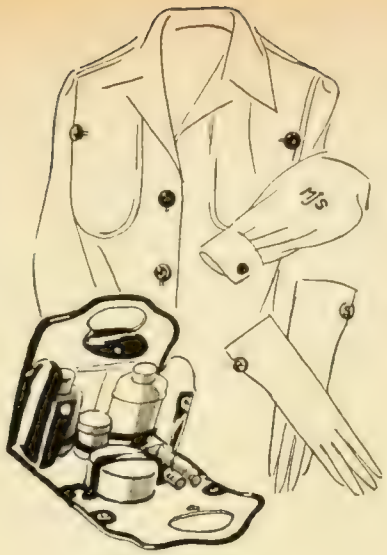
★ ★ ★ ★

Fan song: *O Leo be good*
To me.

—*The Maestro*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

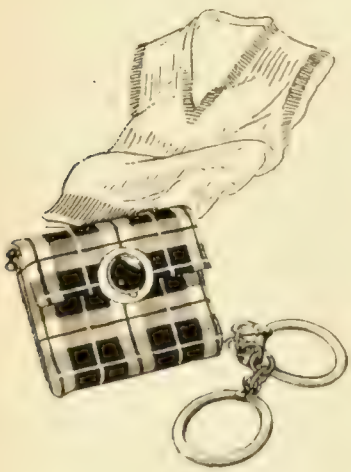
Girl Meets Girl School Belle



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ NOW that you are at school and your nose is nestled at the grindstone again, and the holiday is but a memory, the shops are somewhat of a solace. No doubt you've already comforted yourself with plaids and corduroys and a new sweater, but here are some suggestions you might have missed—guaranteed to lessen the pain of it all.

EAGLE EYE-TEMS: Handcuffs, mind you, but made of shell (that dream substance). Wear them both on one wrist unless you are the coy kind, heaven help you. . . . They cost $2 and are bound to cause Talk.



To match your plaid or contrast with your plain suit, I saw a tartan envelope bag which cost $2.77 and included a circular wooden compact by way of a clasp.

Bring your sweater collection to date with a knitted jerkin. I invested $1.98 in a bright red one to wear over dark green slacks.

Although you are aware of the importance of corduroy out of doors, have you considered a corduroy housecoat? The one I love has pockets for pencils and polish and a chocolate bar. It zips from head to toe....$5.98 in an assortment of colors.

One of the better beauty bags and bargains (and you can't expect to be a belle without a little help) costs $2 and is laden with requisites. It is called the Young Complexion Kit.

MONOGRAMANIA: The shirt in my life, at the moment, is trimly tailored, of thin white flannel with shoulder buttons—and my monogram above the cuff—for $4.

If the silk-stocking shortage has got you down for campus and country wear, buy anklets made personal with a three-letter monogram on the cuff. 65 cents, all colors.

NECESSITIES: A must—if you are living away from the homestead—is to brand your name on everything you own and wish to keep....from golf balls to bed linen....$1 will buy you a name kit which will last several semesters at the least. You'll probably change your name before you change the kit. The ink is scarlet and indelible.

Another necessity is a good-by gift to melt the maternal heart. A miniature wooden doghouse for her desk, with your visage visible—if she will but open the dear little door. This is all of about two inches. Costs $1, and will be well worth it—believe me.

GLAMOURGLOVES: A pair of chic cotton gloves, shell-stitched, and with two gold buttons (left beautifully blank for your initials). This is the kind of ego I favor, and so will you, for $1.

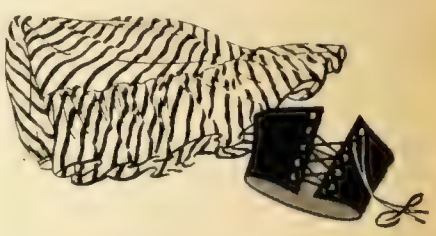
NATURE NOOK: To lengthen the life of the occasional flower he sends, put it instantly into a tinier than tiny vase made of a two-inch twist of lucite—and attach it to your lapel. It is all yours for 50 cents in every attainable color.

JACKET JARGON: In case you're a suède lover and need an odd jacket, there is a treasure waiting for you. It's single-breasted, loosely cut (but not sloppily), adorned only with leather buttons—and the Man of the Moment undoubtedly dotes on a duplicate. Perhaps a parent will part with $15, when you explain they last forever. I own a dark, dark green—which I love for the country, over everything. This is a great year for green, by the way.

COVERAGE: While you are buying bits to brighten your bones, don't neglect your room. Whether you are at home or living in school, a room of one's own should be as private and personal as possible, and also as comfortable. It was of comfort I was thinking when I bought a blue checkered blanket of 100 per cent pure wool to give to a "dormitory doomed" young woman. This was light but warm, came in green or rose as well as blue, and cost $9.95, postage paid.

MEMOS ON MY MIRROR: Have a widely striped petticoat of black-and-white taffeta, with a wide ruffle to whisper beneath your black skirt.

Anchor your cap to your skull with



round crocheted puffs of bright yarn attached to bobby pins—several the size and shade of apples would be wonderful.

String smallest sea shells on twine—and wear around your neck.

Sprinkle sachet among your sweaters to banish any mustiness.

BY

BUBBLES SCHINASI

The night before your "bought and paid for" manicure, remove all old nail polish and soak your fingertips in oil (olive will do nobly but castor is miraculous if you can bear it).

Trade your raincoat for a raincape.

Don't overlook the charm of silver jewelry with gray.

Although waistcoats are kind of cute, I much prefer the laced peasant vests—wouldn't a plaid laced vest be a good idea?

Cover scrapbooks with different shades of white, from chalk to cream—and edge them with name tape.

So here we go, off to another season. And certainly you will be a belle—if you try hard and look as if it wasn't anything out of the ordinary at all—and pretty soon it won't be.

Coming soon—another Girl Meets Girl. It's all about a September Shopping Spree!

Commentator Quiz

BY JOE WIEGERS

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—What commentator was the first casualty in the current World War?

2—Who made a reputation as a fast talker in the early days of radio?

3—What commentator wears a black Vandyke beard?

4—Who got himself in the Harvard doghouse by describing a football game he watched as "putrid"?

5—Name the commentator who addresses his audience as "Mr. and Mrs. North and South America, and all the clippers and ships at sea."

6—All the world remembers the signing of the Munich pact. But can you name the man who scooped the world on the news of the terms?

7—What commentator attracted nationwide attention by his unusual coverage of the Hauptmann case?

8—A leading football and prize-fight commentator was formerly stage director for a New York theater that features ballet dancers. Who is he?

9—What commentator is noted as a writer of "inside" books?

10—Who is called the "human encyclopedia"?

11—Name the son of an Irish horse dealer now famous as a turf commentator.

12—He made a fortune lecturing on Lawrence of Arabia and now he closes his program with "So long until tomorrow." Who is he?

13—Name the famous commentator who ran away at twenty to serve in the Spanish-American War, later became editor of a Brooklyn newspaper, and married a baroness.

14—What commentator was born on the site of the present Supreme Court Building in Washington and now covers the Capitol for NBC?

15—A commentator on the Farm and Home Hour has 45,000,000 listeners, yet few people know his first name. Do you know his last name?

16—What radio personality has a name like: (*a*) an automobile security? (*b*) a military encampment? (*c*) an angelic furnace? (*d*) an Irish cracker? (*e*) a sunburned haircutter?

17—Who was the Voice of Experience?

18—What popular sports commentator was an Olympic basketball star?

19—Who was the Town Crier?

20—Name the regular commentators on: (*a*) American Town Meeting of the Air; (*b*) American Forum of the Air; (*c*) Luncheon at the Waldorf; (*d*) the Ford Hour; (*e*) the Good-Will Hour.

21—Who always says: "Round and round it goes, and where it stops nobody knows"?

22—Band leaders often take the role of commentator. (*a*) Who calls himself "Maestro"? (*b*) "Professor"?

23—What former editor of the Greenwich, Connecticut, Time earned a reputation as a prognosticator of world events?

24—If Orson Welles scared you that night in 1938 with his sensational broadcast, you should remember the title of the story he dramatized.

25—Name the program on which Warden Lawes was moderator and commentator for several years.

26—What former girl musical-comedy singer has become a popular daytime radio commentator as well as a nighttime radio entertainer?

27—What two words heard on President Roosevelt's fireside chats have made a lasting mark on the nation's memory?

28—Who ends his news broadcasts with "Good night—and 30," and what does 30 mean?

29—What commentator applies a screwball theme to his broadcast, starts his program backwards, and enjoys kidding his sponsor?

30—Who ends his program with the word "Cheerio"?

31—Can you name the man who entertained the nation with a hobby program?

32—What soft-spoken commentator attracted great attention with his analysis of foreign affairs at the beginning of World War II? His last name reminds you of a type of popular music.

33—What distinguished music critic and narrator of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts is an amateur cabinetmaker?

34—Can you name the former concert singer who became one of America's best known sports commentators?

35—Who is the ordained minister heard on an early Saturday night religious news broadcast?

36—What broadcaster specializes in descriptions of boners by other broadcasters?

37—You short-wave listeners should be able to tell the name of the North American known only to millions of South Americans as a radic sports authority.

38—(*a*) What Peoria, Illinois, girl broadcast the first description of the stronghold at Gibraltar? (*b*) What New York City girl made newspaper headlines a few years ago by her air trip around the world, became a Broadway columnist, and now conducts her own news program?

39—The first name of a newscaster of international events reminds you of a famous American Legion gag. Who is he?

40—What noted commentator of the early days of radio recently tried to make a comeback?

(*Answers will be found on page 56*)

"God Runs My Business"

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Bob Le Tourneau

BY WILLIAM F. MC DERMOTT

From life . . . The remarkable story of an American who practices what he preaches

☆ DID you ever envy a bankrupt? Bob LeTourneau, an iron welder by trade, did back in 1931. He owed several hundred thousand dollars, and didn't have a cent.

But Bob's sitting pretty now. He has made $15,000,000 in less than ten years, and has a fleet of airplanes in which he flies 200,000 miles a year.

Yet Bob still wears a thirty-dollar suit he bought two years ago, and declares none of the money is his.

"God runs my business," Bob will explain to you very simply. "He and two thousand good workmen and I have earned the fifteen million. But it all belongs to Him, and He lends me enough to get along on."

Bob, who is often called America's No. 1 layman, who preaches nine sermons a week on an average to 10,000 people—yet he never went beyond the eighth grade—and who will leave an executive business conference any time to pray with a troubled soul, is founder, president, inventor, and hardest-working employee of R. G. LeTourneau, Inc., with factories in Peoria, Illinois, Toccoa, Georgia, and Stockton, California.

The concern, which started from scratch and has built up to be the largest of its kind in the world, makes welded earth-moving monsters which in a single trip will carry half a carload of rock and dirt, and giant scrapers that can level off a hill or fill a valley with incredible speed. These are Bob's own inventions and he says God guided him in each of his ideas.

Sales last year were $7,731,325 and profits totaled $1,816,470.

"A miracle!" you may exclaim, as you think of a whole nation bogged down by a depression as Bob's business was leaping forward.

"Not at all," LeTourneau will answer you. "There's nothing miraculous about what God does. The phenomenal thing is man's failure to let God help him succeed. God is the chairman of the board of our company, and sets the policies; I am the president, and carry out to the best of my ability His wishes. I'm simply the channel by which money is earned under God's direction and is distributed according to His will."

It was in direct answer to prayer, Bob says, that the idea came to him for a control unit which has been the key to building the vast machines which have brought him millions. As he describes it:

"We were building a huge machine, when we discovered an important part had not been designed. I planned to work on it that night. Then I discovered the young people of our church were conducting a meeting. I had told them I would go. My conscience wouldn't let me stay away.

"I got back home at ten o'clock. The device seemed hopeless. Then I remembered to pray. 'Lord, help me fix this thing up,' I begged. In ten minutes God showed me what to do."

Bob still scrambles his religion and his business the same way to the tune of twelve to sixteen hours a day. On a Saturday he will be up to his ears in administration of his huge Peoria plant. That evening he will preach in a rescue mission in Cleveland; Sunday he will give four or five talks in New England; and early Monday morning he will be in Georgia, either in the factory or the flying school near by which he founded.

Bob and his two pilots and his secretary always get down on their knees for prayer before they start a flight. They take off in all sorts of weather, navigating the course as they go—rarely flying on the beam. If a crash and death should come, Bob says it is all right. He figures he's doing the best he can to fulfill God's will, and therefore will trust Him in anything.

The story of Bob LeTourneau reads like a Horatio Alger yarn. At fourteen he quit the eighth grade and got a job in a foundry at Portland, Oregon. After four years of labor in foundries from Portland to San Francisco, he won his card as a master molder. Next he went into partnership in a garage in Stockton, California, with another lad of twenty.

During these garage days Bob took to welding, developing the genius that

led to his fortune. He used the oxy-acetylene torch for repairing broken frames of autos and trucks. From repair work he moved on to welded construction, making lighter, stronger machines than those assembled with bolts and nuts.

The war took him to Mare Island Navy Yard as a machinist. On his return he found his garage business all shot. He quit it, assumed the debts, and looked for work.

He was given a job fixing tractors on a San Joaquin Valley farm. With a tractor and a "land leveler" he developed an interest in road-building machines. He borrowed money, bought a tractor and built a scraper, and started out as a contractor. The demand for his scrapers grew.

Then the depression struck. In three years Bob's business was flattened out. He owed hundreds of thousands of dollars and didn't have a cent to meet his payroll. It was here that he took God into active partnership—and things began to hum.

"I owed a $5,000 missionary pledge," Bob says. "I asked God, 'How can I pay my pledge when I can't meet the payroll?' 'Pay it and trust me,' He said. So I saved the Lord's part out first, and, believe it or not, within a few weeks the payroll was coming through on time." There wasn't any depression from that day on for Bob.

☆ THE industrialist-revivalist figures that religion begins right at home in the factory, so along with machine-shop gospel meetings he sees that wages are as high as any paid in the industry; there are sick benefits, vacations, and other rewards for conscientious labor.

Soon after he made his bargain to do God's bidding in all things, Bob set up the LeTourneau Foundation to administer his philanthropic and evangelistic endeavors. To date he has assigned 67.5 per cent of the 450,000 shares of the company, worth more than $12,000,000, to the Foundation, which nets $350,000 to $400,000 yearly for religious work. Headquarters are maintained in Rockefeller Center in New York City. Ten full-time evangelists are supported. Bob also turns over for spiritual ministry about 90 per cent of his income.

Of French-Canadian stock, Bob is tall, broad-shouldered. He has five children. His wife is as devoted a religious worker as he is.

The world is a wreck today because of its lack of confidence in God, Bob insists, and that lack destroys business as well as religion.

"Faith in God makes men strong and courageous as well as honest and decent," he says. "I feel my job is to let an unbelieving world know that religion works. It pays to serve God.

"People are thinking about God today, but only as a refuge. What we need is to take Him as a full-time senior partner in everything. I think I get a bigger kick out of life than any man living today—because God runs my business and my life."

THE END

"Sameys"

BOTH plain and iodized have non-caking cube crystals and a spout that won't tear out!

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

YET COSTS AN AVERAGE FAMILY

ONLY 2¢ A WEEK!

BY HOWARD SHARPE

$1,000,000 for the World's Oldest *Humor*

The facts behind the astonishing, corny success of Messrs. Abbott and Costello

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ SEVERAL months ago Shea's movie house in Toronto, Canada, booked a little Universal B quickie called Buck Privates, featuring a couple of burlesque comics. The maximum run of any picture in Canada has always been a week and a half. After ten weeks Shea's was picketed by a marching line of glum, indignant men. They were the other exhibitors of Toronto, sore because they were missing out on the gravy from one of the most sensational hits that ever caused a producer to faint with joy. But not until three weeks later did the manager of Shea's kiss the tin containers good-by and send for an armored car to take away the profits.

Everywhere it was—and still is—the same story.

What the worried, depressed people of America are standing in paying queues to witness is the oldest humor in the world—a fat comedian and his straight man hitting each other over the head, spitting in each other's eyes, falling on their faces, arguing heatedly about a hundred senseless topics. It is a classic brand of entertainment which originated in the music halls, honky-tonks, and beer parlors of growing America, being relegated finally to side streets as vaudeville expired.

But cornz apoppin' again in Hollywood today and a pair of golden bantams named Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are hitting a million-dollar jack pot on a form of low comedy which hasn't paid off in decades. Universal, after the first shock of the Buck Privates business wore off, hastily batted out a follow-up titled Abbott and Costello in the Navy. That, too, went right after that million net profit mark.

The successful revival of any entertainment form depends on three properties: It must have been intrinsically good originally; it must be old enough to have preceded the experience of young audiences; and it must have nostalgia value for the older group.

Abbott and Costello comedy is rich in all three. Its basic foundation of humor is good so long as the human race laughs at what it does, which means at pratt falls and double takes, at man's ineptitude, at the underdog, at the slow-witted and the angry and the frustrated.

In the last analysis, of course, it is neither dialogue nor routine that makes you laugh; it's Bud and Lou, and their timing and their eternal ad-libbing and their very special talent. Some of their routines are famous now, so that when they make personal appearances the audiences yell catch lines at them: *"Do the baseball routine!"* they demand. *"Do the mustard! Do the whale! How about Little Red Ridinghood?"*

The boys are taking their good fortune each in his stride, which characteristically means long for Abbott and short for Costello. Lou has bought himself a comfortable San Fernando Valley house in which he leads an uninvolved existence with his wife and his two daughters, Patricia, who is four, and two-year-old Carole Lou. Only two blocks distant is the rapidly expanding property of Abbott, who during the 1920s (when he and his brother owned four theaters) had so

exuberantly enjoyed his prosperity that by 1930 he found himself working in a burlesque-house box office, penniless but hopeful and unrepentant.

Born in 1900 under the big top at Atlantic City, of a circus rider and a circus advance agent, Bud Abbott finally found his pace producing tab shows in winter and summer stock. A tab show is a miscarried burlesque composed of scenery from Broadway flops, four chorus girls, a comic, and a straight man. During the twenties Bud and his brother cleaned up and by 1928 owned four houses, employing topnotchers like Billy Gilbert, Joe Penner, and Bert Lahr. By 1930 Bud's joyous sleigh ride as treasurer of the partnership had come abruptly to an end in the box office of the Empire Theater in Brooklyn. The comedian employed there was Lou Costello.

☆ THIS chubby little fellow, son of a Paterson, New Jersey, insurance broker, had hitchhiked to Hollywood in 1926, at seventeen, but his aspirations to a comedian spot in pictures were shattered by the advent of sound, which recorded his voice as a squeak. He hitchhiked East again, and landed in burlesque. In 1930 his straight man was unable to appear one night shortly before curtain time. He remembered the fast-talking Abbott, with whom he'd gagged a lot during crap games and at rummy sessions, sent for him in a hurry, and the team was formed. The next ten years saw their rise together to their present enviable position.

When New York City closed the burlesque joints five years ago, the boys descended to blackface in Atlantic City. Three years ago they got their chance in radio. Then came Universal and Hollywood.

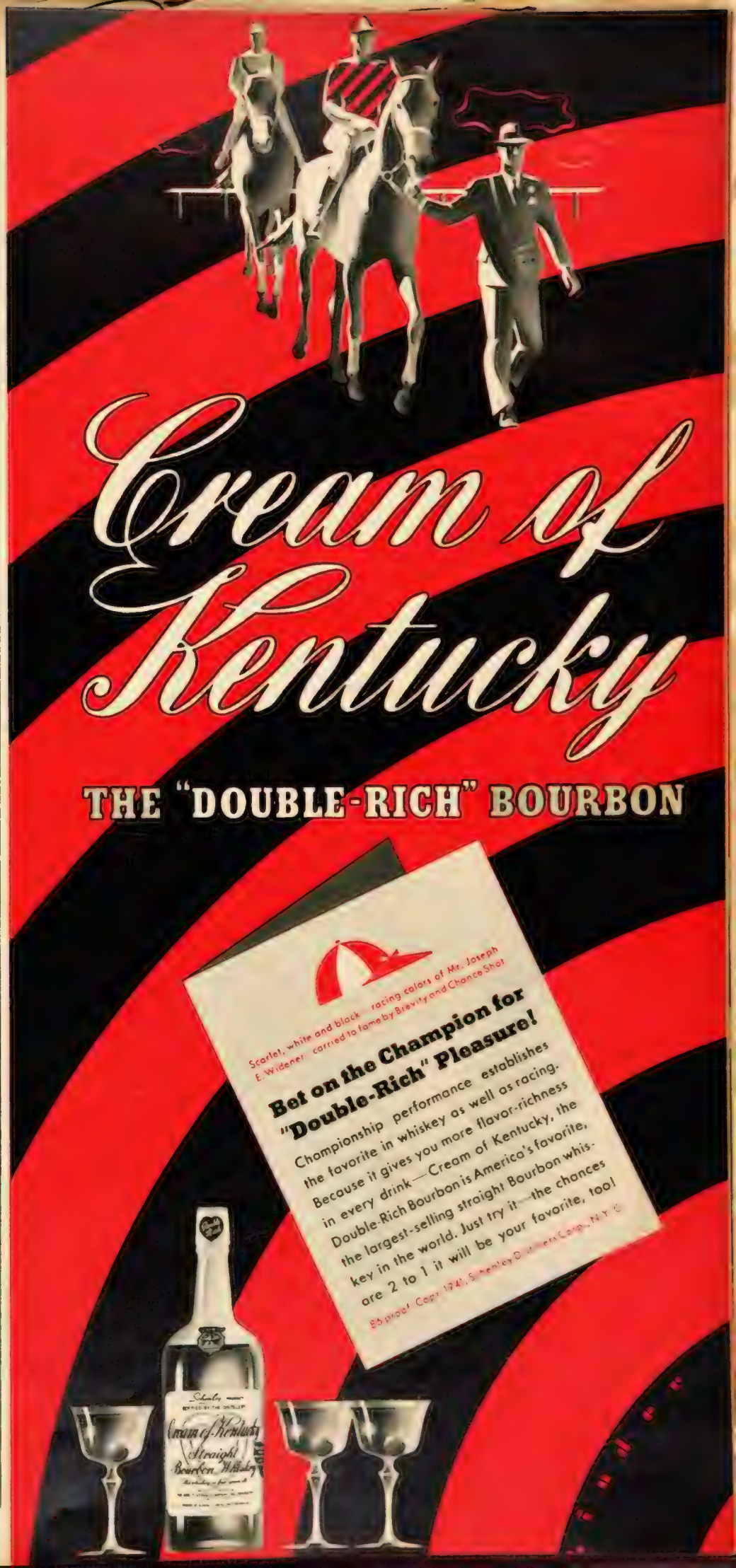
First on the radio, and later in the movies, the two boys were the despair of writers, directors, and script girls because they insisted on ad-libbing.

Now, of course, they can do just about as they please out at Universal City and on the numerous locations their pictures require. As the ultimate Hollywood mark of their arrival on top, busy time-and-money-conscious producers as well as the disillusioned publicity gang not only put up with the touch of temperament Bud and Lou have lately developed when something happens that they don't like, but condone it as well.

Generally, though, they love the life they lead. The entire set becomes a burlesque stage with Abbott and Costello perpetually starred, and then you can hear them three sound stages away. When, as often happens, the crash of broken equipment, the startled shrieks of female employees, and the thud of pratt falls drift even to august administration office windows, the executives within smile affectionately and light another Corona.

Abbott and Costello, this clatter reassuringly says, are happily at play in their new work. Somehow, it all sounds like the echo of a million cash registers.

THE END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THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON
Scarlet, white and black racing colors of Mr. Joseph E. Widener carried to fame by Brevity and Chance Shot
Bet on the Champion for "Double-Rich" Pleasure!
Championship performance establishes the favorite in whiskey as well as racing. Because it gives you more flavor-richness in every drink—Cream of Kentucky, the Double-Rich Bourbon is America's favorite, the largest-selling straight Bourbon whiskey in the world. Just try it—the chances are 2 to 1 it will be your favorite, too!
86 proof Copr. 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey

tion. But what good are airplanes without gasoline? And here we reach a question that is most important for the striking power of German arms. Judging from the Polish campaign, the present consumption would be 25,000 tons per day. But that covers only the motorized army. Beyond that the air force requires 6,500 additional tons. Altogether this makes a requirement of well over 30,000 tons per day. But German oil production is only 10,000 tons a day, and up to the end of the Polish campaign aviation gasoline production had not been provided for. At present the plans for producing aviation gasoline from coal are still in their early stages.

Another important problem is the air force personnel—the flyers. The training of German pilots has proceeded much too fast. Only in the year 1936 did Germany begin to build airplanes in large numbers. One of our best civil pilots once told me: "The training of a good bomber pilot requires from three to five years. I do not believe in the excellence of the training which has been given in Germany; it is much too fast."

The army has been far more cautious. The authorities were aware of the necessity of creating a technically well trained officers' corps, all the more so because this time Germany lacked the great numbers of non-commissioned officers which were of decisive importance in the war of 1914-18.

Much has been done in motorization of the army—the great slogan of recent decades. But what I have said about gasoline supply in connection with aviation is equally valid for armored trucks and tanks.

Fritz Thyssen Declares German Field Artillery Is Bad

In contrast to aviation and motorized weapons, German artillery is definitely bad. There are, of course, large motorized cannons in considerable quantity. But the commonly used Model 88 of the field artillery is too heavy and too big. Five years are not a long period for the design and production of cannon. And the Germans have concentrated during that time chiefly on antiaircraft guns. But the last war showed the great importance of light field artillery. Model 88 is excellent for what it is: it has a long range and great effective power, but it is too heavy for use in the field.

As far as I know, it was not till 1938 that Germany began to make artillery ordnance on the grand scale. In fact, this manufacture was not begun until the Nazis got control of the Skoda Works of Bohemia, after the Czech crisis of 1938. Even in the first World War the Skoda Works were of great importance in the equipment of the armies of Germany and its Austrian allies. The mortars were never built by Krupp but always by Skoda.

Why Göring Wrecked Rotterdam

Germany today has a very good special steel which can be worked in the factories much faster than before. But many essential machine tools are still lacking. They should have been built before the outbreak of war, but there was not time enough. This gap in German armament production is probably the clue to the Nazis' effort to make this a blitzkrieg throughout. This probably is why the German bomber squadrons have been permitted to carry on their activity without any considerations of humanity, just as Göring had always wanted it done. To me, the most frightful example is Rotterdam. That great commercial city has always stood in close relation to Germany, and many buildings there were German property. What has been perpetrated in the destruction of that city is indescribable. I cannot imagine that the French would ever have destroyed Strassburg in so ruthless a manner. All this simply shows the urge to get ahead quickly; that is the reason for spreading terror all around. No German in future will be able to show himself in the world without shame.

How the Jumpy Reichsführer Guards Himself

Some time ago, when Marshal Voroshiloff seemed to be a danger to the Stalin regime, the story went the rounds in Germany that Stalin would receive Voroshiloff only if he left his weapons outside. I don't know whether Hitler nowadays, when he receives his generals, has them searched for weapons before they are admitted. He is certainly no longer quite sure of them. In any case, he is absurdly protected. No doubt the reader is familiar with the story which the former French ambassador in Berlin, M. François-Poncet, used to tell: During one of his visits to Hitler a flowerpot fell over. Instantly ten S S men appeared, rushing into the room through all the doors.

Whether true or not, the story illustrates how Hitler has made himself safe. Today he can do anything he wants without having to fear any opposition; and so he has precipitated this war. But I am sure that he will not win the war, and the responsibility will be his.

The Nazi "economic system," Hitler boasts, has freed the German people from misery. Next week Fritz Thyssen will present, item by item—the "People's Car" fantasia, the Hamburg Bridge delirium, the truth about the Göring iron works, etc.—his amazing evidence for his conviction that a megalomaniac, aping Napoleon, has inflicted upon all Germany the most colossal ruinous swindle ever known.

A TRUE Flavor-Shortening
MAKES SUCH A DIFFERENCE!
Use Parkay Margarine
as your shortening next time you're in a cookie-making mood! The flavor that has made Parkay so popular as a spread for table use, makes pastries extra good. Discover, too, how delicious pan-fried foods taste when you use Parkay.
And remember, this new margarine created by Kraft is an excellent energy food and a dependable year 'round source of Vitamin A—8,000 units (U.S.P. XI) per pound.
made by KRAFT
Parkay
OLEOMARGARINE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING!

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

☆ YOU can't catch cold in the spice business. People who work among spices are known to go years—some as long as twenty-five or thirty—without a cold. To avoid throat irritation, they breathe slowly, quietly. It's not pepper or clove or even ginger that itches the larnyx most; strange to say, it's ground thyme. If you worked around spices you'd never need rouge. Spice in the air stimulates facial circulation, makes your cheeks rosy. A recent morning with manager Max Weyer at the warehouse of Van Loan & Company, old New York spice and coffee importers, left my face pink, my glands atingle with aromas from the Indies and the Orient. . . . Mr. Weyer is a spice historian as well as a commercial expert. "Our trade," he told me, "has founded empires, set up civilizations, lent crowns to kings and reputations to famous cooks. Taxes in medieval England were balanced more than once by spice deals." . . . I asked Max how hard the war is hitting our own American spice situation. He said practically all spice prices have jumped up except that of cardamon, which the elimination of the large Russian market has lowered. Cardamon is used chiefly by bakers for sweet breads and buns. . . . Now come back with me to that fascinating warehouse—electric throb of the spice mill grinding in the dim interior, obscured by a coppery cloud of cinnamon dust. I trip over bags of tree bark. "Five thousand dollars' worth of Ceylon cinnamon," says Max, "for medicines only. Your kitchen cinnamon, from Batavia, Indo-China, and the Malays, is less expensive." . . . Spices impregnate every brick, every stick and stone of the warehouse walls. Employees change garments at quitting time; otherwise they'd be sniffed at embarrassingly on bus or subway.

☆ NOWHERE in the world, at any picturesque period, has there ever been a city more spiced with real-life drama than is New York today. I attended a recent cocktail party of mixed nationalities—British, Free French, Polish, Russian, Chinese. My attention was caught by a smart, vivacious blonde talking French with a peculiarly cosmopolitan accent I could not place. In the midst of a sentence she froze, lips still parted, body rigid, eyes fixed on the doorway, where a mild-faced, inconspicuous young man was entering the room. The blonde regained her composure, walked up to him, and greeted him with an insolent smile. . . . Later he told me the story. "It isn't quite a year ago," he said, "since I saw her in Europe. She was under arrest. I was the examining officer. We had to release her for lack of evidence. Now she and I are here sipping cocktails together. I wonder how long she'll keep out of the sport called Intelli-

June Preisser, James Lydon and Mary Anderson appearing in "Henry Aldrich for President," a Paramount Picture.
PEPSI-COLA GOES BIG WITH HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG SET
Because of Pepsi-Cola's finer flavor, better taste and bigger size . . . millions prefer this tall drink every time. Pour yourself a glassful today. See how much more Pepsi-Cola you get for your nickel. 12 full ounces...plenty for any thirst.
5¢
Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. and is bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast

gence work. It gets to be a habit, you know, as exciting as a big-game shoot—all the thrill of hunting tigers without the comparative safety of doing it from the top of an elephant."

☆ THE next time unexpected guests get you out on a lunch or supper limb, wild-eyed for something tasty and different in a hurry, try these *Spiced Corned Beef Hash Croquettes:* . . . To serve four use 1½ cups canned corned beef hash mixed with 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon chili powder, 1 beaten egg, ½ teaspoon dill seeds (dill is a stylish flavoring nowadays). Shape into croquettes the size of walnuts, roll in bread crumbs, and brown quickly. In a bowl on the side serve 2 cups cream sauce made piquant with 2 tablespoons bottled chili sauce. Toasted rolls and a mixed green salad complete the menu.

☆ TICKLED am I to imagine that perhaps some one around the White House reads this page. Writing from Hollywood in May, I reported as follows: "Constance Bennett thwarts takers away of cocktail napkins by having hers embroidered, 'Snitched from Connie.'" Last month Washington newspapermen discovered some White House match books with "Stolen from Franklin Delano Roosevelt" printed on the covers. Needless to say, all matches so labeled are highly prized as souvenirs.

☆ THE V campaign for Allied victory acquires a feminine touch at Cooper Union's museum showing of starched Puritan collars, fichus, and kerchiefs worn by ladies a century or so ago. The triangular fichus of delicate hand-worked gossamer linen give a primly modest effect to deep V necklines that reveal *plenty* of pretty throat—of course for purposes of vanquishing; that's what V stands for. . . . Knowing how well and how inexpensively a dainty lace or muslin trim at the neck can improve simple dresses styled for wartime economy, the Neckwear Manufacturers' Association has helped make this historical exhibit a significant fashion affair. Watch for the V fichu. It's coming back.

☆ THAT mystic gent who knew it all 400 years before it started happening to us has been written up now, in a popular way, in Lee McCann's new book, Nostradamus (Published by the Creative Age Press).

"And I threw out the rest of those old travelers' checks that we didn't use, too."

"I wish he were a well-groomed lad—
He really ought to read this ad!
It says for comfort, thrift and speed
These Thin Gillettes are what men need!"

Precision made to fit your Gillette Razor exactly

4 for 10¢
8 for 19¢

Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Pack, 12 For 27¢

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ FOR two reasons, it irritates me to see men in uniform thumbing rides. Proper transportation should be made available so the men don't have to beg; all but a very few motorists seem to be afraid to give the men lifts even when they have the space. It's no credit to the Army or the public to have such a situation existing.

A. M., Pontiac, Mich.

You're right. It's against regulations for soldiers to hitchhike and post commanders have issued stringent orders to that effect. But when a soldier wants to get some place, particularly home, and hasn't the fare in his pocket, he's not inclined to let such regulations keep him from getting there. You couldn't stop the practice without an army of military police on the roads, and that would be silly. There *ought* to be adequate transportation, locally at least; but in most cases there isn't, and a soldier is more apt to be broke than flush, anyway. Some one in California has suggested "hitchhiker stations" for soldiers, with protection for both riders and drivers, and it's not a bad idea.

I claim to be the tallest man in the United States Army. I am six feet nine and one half inches tall. Any other claimants to the title?

Pvt. Murray Greenberg, 258th F. A., Madison Barracks, N. Y.

Private Greenberg also says he weighs 250 pounds but lays no claim to the weight championship. Any outfit with a man to beat 6' 9½"? And who is the champion shorty?

Let me say a few words in praise of the men of Fort Dix. Recently I boarded a bus from Camden. All the seats were taken and soldiers occupied quite a few. Five women and two elderly men got on with me. Every soldier, without exception, immediately rose and offered his seat. It's so seldom that *civilians* do that sort of thing it made me salute the boys in khaki.

Mary Farran, Maple Shade, N. J.

Take the orchids, Fort Dix. But, Miss Farran, such courtesy isn't limited to the men of one post: you'll find it throughout the country. It's not rare; the exception is.

I am a machinist by trade, and was working in one of the aircraft plants when my number came up and I was called to active duty. I have a wife and child, and now that my cash reserve has gone I can't keep them going on my thirty-six dollars a month. What's to be done?

Pfc. J. L. C., Fort Ord, Calif.

Looks to me as though you could get your discharge on either or both of two counts. If your former employer will write to Robert P. Patterson, Under-Secretary of War, at Washington, D. C., and prove that you were "a key man needed in defense production . . . and that there is a shortage of technicians in this category," and comply with other formalities, you could be released from active military duty and transferred to the enlisted reserve corps as an occupational specialist. Or you might be released on the grounds of dependency occurring since your induction. Such application should be substantiated by affidavits and put through the proper channels to the Adjutant General.

That Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act they passed was supposed to help the drafted men who had made financial commitments. All well and good, but it certainly plays hell with me and it must with a lot of other guys, I'd imagine. I'm in 1-A but have not yet been called. Can I get a line of credit or buy a car on installments? As soon as they find out how I'm fixed with the draft, they say nothing doing. I need a new car to carry on my business, but I can't get one unless I pay cash.

L. H. S., Lancaster, Ohio.

I've heard of many similar cases. The bankers and finance companies know that *your* interests will be protected by the Relief Act as soon as you're inducted, but how about theirs? And you can't blame them, from a business viewpoint. When the act was framed, it was not anticipated that there would be any such effect. But there is, and there will be until the act is amended.

Why do sergeants of the Regular Army get rent allowances, while sergeants of the National Guard don't? Aren't we all in the same Army now and shouldn't we all be treated alike?

Sgt. A. S. W., El Paso, Tex.

Either you have your wires crossed or there's something wrong with your local administrative officers. *All* sergeants of the grades of master, technical, first, and staff who have families and are part of a permanent garrison are entitled to rental allowances. It makes no difference whether the sergeant's service originated in the Regular Army or the National Guard or Selective Service; he's in the Army of the United States now. From the way you signed your letter, I suspect you're of the fourth grade and not entitled to allowance for quarters.

Will you please answer this question for the benefit of hundreds of thousands of prospective Selective Service men? Will we be eligible for government life insurance after we're inducted, as Regular Army men are?

W. S. H., Orlando, Fla

"Looks like we're trapped. Is it all right if we spend two weeks at Camp Dix instead of the seashore?"

I answered a similar question several months ago, but here you are again. Every man sworn into the Army . . . regular, guardsman, or selectee . . . is eligible to take out government insurance within 120 days after he enters the Army. It's the very cheapest life insurance you can get and any man who doesn't take advantage of the opportunity is missing a bet.

Football's Fair-Haired Boy

Will Leahy bring the good old Four Horsemen days back to Notre Dame?

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ NO other man in the college world today has as much influence on the student body as the football coach. No man is more representative of the institution than the coach. And none can help or harm it more than he can. Even as powerful and independent an institution as the United States Military Academy recognized the importance of having a strong football team when this year it hired one of the best coaching staffs in the country. A weak team is not in keeping with youth's conception of military strength and efficiency.

No university in the country has taken to football as wholeheartedly as Notre Dame. The good fathers in charge at the South Bend institution have long been convinced that in football are to be found man-building virtues, and they openly encourage as many students as possible to play.

Knute Rockne's influence was tremendous. His teachings went far beyond football and the campus. Boys of all faiths admired and respected him, and many of them flocked to Notre Dame to bask in his shadow. When he died, Notre Dame's football star descended. Hunk Anderson, his successor, lacked the touch of victory, and Elmer Layden did not quite have the same skill as a coach that he had had as a player. The result was that no longer did so many promising high-school players beg their parents to send them to Notre Dame.

Every one knows that Notre Dame, were it to drop football entirely, would still be a ranking educational institution. Nevertheless, it was of primary concern to the university's authorities to find a man worthy to be coach

You can throw a handful of shot at a map of the United States, and it's a safe bet most of the pellets will hit vital areas in which the football coaching is being done by Notre Dame men. Alabama has Frank Thomas; Auburn has Jack Meagher; Mississippi has Harry Mehre; Florida has Tom Lieb; Santa Clara has Buck Shaw; Fordham has Jim Crowley; Wisconsin has Harry Stuhldreher; Purdue, Mal Elward; Bowdoin, Adam Walsh; South Carolina, Rex Enright; Washington, Jim Phelan; and so on. Not all are Rockne men, but all wear the emblem of Notre Dame.

When Notre Dame decided to choose a successor to Layden, who resigned, it had its choice of this field. But if the authorities had laid out a plan thirty years ago to fashion a man who would best carry on the high traditions of Rockne and typify what Notre Dame has meant in football, they couldn't have done better than they did when they named Frank Leahy for the job.

Leahy is to football what Gene Tunney was to boxing. He is the fair-haired boy on whom fortune has smiled. Born thirty-three years ago in O'Neill, Nebraska, he was educated in Winner, South Dakota, and he has been one ever since. He is a combination of the thrifty farmer and the urbane gentleman who adds grace and charm to a social gathering.

He is the one man living who, I'd be willing to wager a tidy sum, could whip Joe Louis in an all-out fight and without the restraining influence of the Marquis of Queensberry rules. He was a polished amateur boxer with a terrific sock, and with world championship aspirations until a talk by his idol Rockne diverted him.

Football coaches everywhere are agreed that under Leahy's direction Notre Dame will be back at the top of the football pile, not only this year but as long as he holds the reins. They well remember what he did in the two years he was head coach at Boston College, and his accomplishments as an assistant coach to Crowley at Fordham and to Mills at Georgetown. He handled the line at Georgetown immediately following his graduation from Notre Dame in 1931, and his forward wall made such an impression on Crowley, who was then at Michigan State, that Crowley, ever the smart trader, hired him to help him. When Crowley went to Fordham in 1933, he took Leahy with him. It was largely through Leahy's efforts that Fordham captured the spotlight with its great line, the "Seven Blocks of Granite." That closely knit barrier, while not the handiwork of Frank alone, kept Fordham from defeat on all occasions save two through the years 1935, '36, and '37.

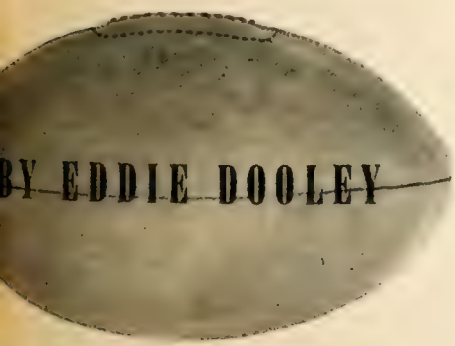
At Fordham, Leahy won the respect of his head coach and fellow assistants. Crowley was buried under invitations to address gatherings, and he could always count on passing some of these on to Leahy, who quickly developed into an after-dinner orator who today can hold a Rotary Club or Chamber of Commerce spellbound. Utterly sincere, he is one of the few men in his profes-

sion who can talk character building, even when he has a winning team, and really mean it and convince his hearers that he does.

Even on the football field his sincerity pays him big dividends. Time and again I have seen him stand for an hour or more and let two bull-necked guards try to knock him from under his hat. He was never content until every wrinkle in their performance had been ironed out.

As became an assistant, Leahy kept his mouth shut and his eyes open when coaching at Fordham. But when he went to Boston College as head coach in 1939, he was ready to try his own experiments. At Fordham he had been under the direction of a man regarded by experts as one of the keenest in the game. Crowley, like Leahy, was one of Rockne's prize pupils, but that did not prevent Sleepy Jim from making changes in the patterns he had learned in his playing days. Crowley went in for bigger guards than Rockne was wont to use and, in order to keep pace with the emphasis on deception, made his guards shift like backs, even though they always shifted into a balanced formation.

At Boston College Leahy followed Crowley's pattern but went his Maroon mentor one better. He did maintain certain features of the Notre Dame style of play. He thinks there is merit in the balanced line, but it would not surprise his friends to see him use the unbalanced line occasionally this year at Notre Dame. He likes to employ the regular Notre Dame backfield shift, and the T formation, but where he differs from Rockne and Crowley is in his tendency to shuttle his guards and tackles around, and in using the spread formation. He doesn't believe in holding his linemen in a squatting position as long as coaches usually hold them, but gives his forwards more latitude to assure better blocking angles.



Famous football player, reporter, and commentator; all-America quarterback, 1924

Leahy himself takes no stock in systems as such. "Material, coaching, blocking, and tackling win games," he says; "not systems." And in this he is wise. Every coach in the business today knows every detail of the old Notre Dame style of play. That was one of the reasons why Layden's teams failed to win more games. Had Rockne lived, he would have changed his passing game once it had outlived its usefulness. Notre Dame teams in recent years telegraphed their passes and tipped off their powerful thrust into the weak side. Leahy knew this, and he altered the situation. At Boston College he gave plenty of deception to his short passes. He gave his big linemen the agility of cats and taught them to charge destructively and accurately. But it was in his use of the spread formation that he made his biggest contribution to football.

For decades coaches have used the spread formation with dependable regularity. Leahy saw the futility in going right on doing so. He gave the spread formation substance and power by means of a simple little trick. When other coaches used the spread, the opposing team naturally spread with the attacking team, thus equalizing everything. When the back carrying the ball started to advance, the defense closed in from all sides, and the hapless carrier was invariably thrown for a substantial loss.

Instead of following the old custom, Leahy placed three backs off to one side but close together. The line was spread, and one back ran laterally to divert attention and add confusion. When the ball was snapped, the three bunched backs moved en masse, like an aerial torpedo, directly toward the center of the line. Naturally the weakened forward wall crumbled, and B. C. went to town. Thus Leahy gave his team a wallop that was heard around the circuit. In two years his team won twenty games out of twenty-two. It played in two bowl games, losing one and beating the Volunteers of Tennessee in the other.

Leahy's sensational success in his first year at Boston College led many fans to believe that he was merely a flash in the pan. But when his team went down to Louisiana last year to open its season against Tulane, and won going away, they learned better.

Tulane, coached by capable Red Dawson, appeared to have about everything a football team needed. The B. C. players were frankly worried about their chances. They had heard so much about what the Southerners would do to them, as Yankees, that most of them had the jitters.

According to Leahy himself, the only thing to do was to settle the issue beforehand. He had his team leader, Charley O'Rourke, go out on the field to meet the captain of the Southern team. O'Rourke mentioned as tactfully as he could that he and his teammates were seriously worried. "I want you to know," explained O'Rourke, "that my father's father was born in Ireland and wasn't even in this country when the Civil War was fought. Goodreault, our end, is of French extraction and his grandfather never even heard of the Civil War. And as for the other boys, they're Poles, Germans, Czechs, and Lithuanians whose forebears had no interest in the war."

The Tulane captain paused to reflect. Finally he said, "Well, to be honest with you, I personally hail from the deep South—south side of Gary, Indiana! And several of my teammates come from north of the Mason-Dixon line, so I don't expect we're all gonna have to fight the Civil War all over again." Whereupon they shook hands again, and there ensued one of the hardest fought but cleanest games ever played.

The high peak of Leahy's success was his triumph over Tennessee. The Volunteers, coached by brilliant Major Bob Neyland, were regarded as one of the three ranking teams of the country. But Leahy caught them napping when his team pulled a fast play through the weak side end.

Leahy is a bearcat for hard play, though he never loses sight of the fact that the boys must get fun out of their football. Yet he also insists on clean play. He will drag a man out of the line-up at the first sign of anything else. In the Georgetown-Boston College game last year, one of his players complained that he was being unnecessarily roughed by a Hoya giant. "Can I get even with that guy?" he inquired. "You can," said Leahy between his teeth, "but if you do, it will be the last game you play for Boston College."

When he was offered the head coaching position at Notre Dame, Leahy almost wept for joy. He had never dared dream he would one day wear the robe of Rockne. Recently he summed up his ideas on the game: "I hope and trust that my little boy, who is now five years of age, will some day be strong enough to play football, because football does the following things: *a.* It teaches physical fitness and the importance thereof. *b.* It teaches one to respect the other fellow's rights and abilities. *c.* It teaches co-operation, loyalty, perseverance, and the ability to act under fire. *d.* It develops character, because a boy who hopes to be a star must make sacrifices, and a young man without character can never hope to attain physical perfection. *e.* It teaches one to fight back when blocked or tackled extremely hard. *f.* It serves to qualify boys for leadership.

"Football teams represent a carbon copy of democracy. At Boston College last year, for example, we had the following nationalities on our squad: Russian, Lithuanian, Polish, German, French, Irish, Italian, and an American Negro. While the kinsmen of these men were shooting at each other in Europe, they were fighting for each other here in the United States."

Leahy's job is not an easy one. But his imagination and daring will bring him a harvest in victories. Admittedly his squad this year is spotty, but he has enough men to assure a powerful team if not a championship one. Give him another season at most to set Notre Dame back where it used to be in the football picture

THE END

A. B. C. CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY. Each year the American Bowling Congress holds a gigantic tournament to decide the world's individual and team championships. This year there were 5,797 five-man teams from 865 different cities entered in the tournament! The Congress' biggest award—the trophy shown at the right—goes to the sponsor of the winning team. To win this coveted trophy in competition against thousands of expert bowlers, a team has to do plenty of plain and fancy bowling—it has to be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

40 ANSWERS
BY JOE WIEGERS
to his questions on page 45

1—Fred Bate of NBC, who had his ear blown off when a bomb hit his London studio in December, 1940.

2—The late Floyd Gibbons. Over 200 words a minute.

3—John Vandercook.

4—Ted Husing.

5—Walter Winchell.

6—Max Jordan, director of NBC European staff. Broadcast the news forty-seven minutes before the newspapers received it.

7—Gabriel Heatter.

8—Bill Stern.

9—John Gunther. Inside Europe. Inside Asia.

10—John Kieran of Information Please.

11—Clem McCarthy. He has seen every Kentucky Derby since 1896.

12—Lowell Thomas.

13—H. V. Kaltenborn.

14—Earl Godwin.

15—Baukage.

16—(*a*) Ford Bond; (*b*) Fort Pearson; (*c*) Gabriel Heatter; (*d*) Graham McNamee; (*e*) Red Barber.

17—M. Sayle Taylor.

18—Sam Balter.

19—Alexander Woollcott.

20—(*a*) George V. Denny; (*b*) Theodore Grannick; (*c*) Ilka Chase; (*d*) W. J. Cameron; (*e*) John J. Anthony.

21—Major Bowes.

22—(*a*) Ben Bernie; (*b*) Kay Kyser.

23—Wythe Williams.

24—War of the Worlds.

25—20,000 Years in Sing Sing.

26—Kate Smith.

27—"My friends . . .!"

28—Paul Sullivan. In newspaper parlance, "30" means the end of the story.

29—Henry Morgan.

30—Boake Carter.

31—Dave Elman.

32—Raymond Gram Swing.

33—Deems Taylor.

34—Graham McNamee.

35—Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk, heard on Religion in the News.

36—Mort Lewis.

37—Eli "Buck" Canel, who is practically an unknown in the United States. He broadcasts all the big fights, etc., in Spanish over short wave.

38—(*a*) Helen Hiett. (*b*) Dorothy Kilgallen.

39—Elmer Davis. The Legion gag line was "Where's Elmer?"

40—Norman Brokenshire.

Blackberry Pie for Dessert

BY ARTHUR HEINEMANN

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ IT was about two o'clock that summer Sunday, just after dessert had been put on the dining-room table, when the radio announcer interrupted the light classics program to introduce Police Captain McCarthy with a message of special importance to parents.

Mr. Murdock got a blackberry seed caught between his teeth at that moment and began sucking at it and probing with his tongue, while his wife watched anxiously. Joan was preoccupied in her seven-year-old world, from time to time touching the bandage on her knee where it was tender.

It reminded her of Joe Manuso and his policeman father, and how last week they went riding around in the police car, pretending they were lost and Sergeant Manuso was taking them home. He didn't take her home, of course. She got out with Joe at the park and walked from there. And she didn't tell her mother anything about the afternoon, because she would have told father and he would have been furious. Father wanted her to associate only with the *nice* children, on this block. Once, on his way home from the office, he found her playing with Joe and the housing project kids, and it was awful. Her stomach quivered at the memory of that day, and for a moment the blackberry pie became tasteless in her mouth.

Her solemn little face turned to her father cautiously, as if he could read her thoughts. He was wholly devoted to his pie, lifting forkfuls that dripped purple juice and stained his mouth. He was a small man, black-haired and swarthy, with aggressiveness even in the way he devoured the pie.

"They say if you put tapioca pudding in it won't run so," said Joan's mother. She was a plump, vague woman, wilted in the breeze that stirred the curtains behind her. Mr. Murdock grunted, and she did not seem to expect any better answer.

Joan finished her pie and sat patiently, still looking at her father but not seeing him. It wasn't much fun, she thought, sitting here and waiting for him to tell her when she could leave the table. She had to keep quiet, speaking only when spoken to, and sometimes if she got to thinking about something else it was hard to guess what they said. Father made rules about that, like the rules about where she could play and whom she could play with. Sometimes she didn't know which rule she had broken, and got sick wondering what he would do to her.

She supposed other fathers were like him. Joe's father—he shouted at Joe half in Italian and half regular, but Joe wasn't afraid of him. Joe was a boy, of course. And Mary said her father got terribly angry, but it was nearly always about President Roosevelt, and he didn't seem to care what Mary did.

The thick police voice of Captain McCarthy on the radio was background monotony to Joan's thoughts. His message of special interest to parents went on and on, mispronounced slightly and stumbling as if he were reading some one else's script.

Abruptly in the haze of his words a name stood out clearly for Joan, and all her mind became alive to what he was saying. "One of the children was Joseph Manuso, aged eight, of 44 Grand Street," he said. "The other was a little girl known only as Johnny. Her last name and address are unknown."

Joan's body tightened and her face masked over as she listened.

"Pie's full of seeds," said Mr. Murdock, picking one from his tongue. "They cheated you on the berries."

Captain McCarthy added, "It may be, parents, that the child is concealing her injury from you, or its nature. Little Joseph Manuso, when questioned, said that he thought her parents did not approve of her playing in Grand Street Park. It may be that that is the cause of her silence."

Joan's wide scared eyes turned to her father and she made a hurried gesture as if she would deny the words spoken. She wanted to silence them, and dared not. It was as if Captain McCarthy's voice were the voice of God coming at her through the loudspeaker, knowing all and punishing her.

"All berries have seeds," Mrs. Murdock answered her husband. "Strawberries—raspberries—"

"If she shows any marks of such an injury," Captain McCarthy continued, "take her at once to a reputable physician, or an established clinic, where proper treatment will be given her. This treatment can save her."

His voice seemed to be getting louder, and the stillness of the room was like a held breath. Joan sat without movement. Her eyes, dark with bewilderment and intolerable fright, stared at the bland face of the radio. One hand covered the bandage on her knee.

Captain McCarthy said, "The dog which bit these children was subsequently captured and found to be rabid. Death from rabies is extremely painful. Somewhere in this city a little girl will die of it unless she is located in time."

Joan's head jerked around to face her father. He was getting up, wiping his berry-purpled lips with his napkin. "Full of seeds," he said. "Joan, dishes."

"Come, darling, help mother," Mrs. Murdock echoed as she began to pile the plates.

The thick police voice ended suddenly and broken noises came from the radio as Mr. Murdock twisted the dial; then there was a heavy blare of symphonic music. Joan watched him in white stillness.

He looked up, and saw her still in her chair. His voice sharpened. "Joan! I said dishes."

A tremor shook her.

"Joan, what's the matter with you?" he demanded.

Her words came suddenly, as if she could not direct them. "Nothing, papa." She slid from her chair, hastily picking up her plate and glass. "Nothing. I'm all right, papa."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE LAST WORD: *If the Windsors Had Only Waited*

© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

THE TRUE STORY of the abdication of Edward as King of Britain has, of course, never been told. Edward is himself the authority for saying the writer who came closest to telling the truth was Hector Bolitho.

Since that remarkable book was written a great deal has happened, including the overwhelming spectacle of the world at war. In the catastrophic years since Edward turned over his scepter to his brother an astonishing change has come over England. Most of Windsor's enemies have retired into oblivion or the grave, and his friends are now running the country. What would have happened if he had not renounced his throne? Suppose that he had waited? With the co-operation of the United States and Great Britain, would the American lady that he loved have been so unpopular? She might have been—so some people think, at least—the most popular woman in England. She might have been the Queen! There are many others who would disagree with this supposition, but Fred Collins is one of those who believe that anything could have happened if they had waited. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

This is the theme of Mr. Collins' new articles beginning in Liberty next week: If the Windsors Had Only Waited. The story of an emotional blunder. . . . And now Pastor Niemoeller talks! You remember Pastor Niemoeller, that sturdy Christian in pagan Germany; that voice that would not be silenced, but spoke out courageously, in prison and out, against the anti-Christian government of Adolf the Unspeakable. Niemoeller knows that when this manuscript is published in Liberty his lot as a German prisoner will be harder. These words of his in type may cause his death, and yet he has entreated that they be published! So you will find in Liberty next week What Hitler Told Me About Christianity, by Pastor Niemoeller. . . . Also you will find, leaping from the serious to the romantic, What Love Has Done for William Powell, by Frederick Lewis; Jack Dempsey has an article, I Still Pick Joe Louis. Other interesting features will be: More soldiers' jokes by Harry Hershfield. Are We Going to Starve with Twenty Billion Dollars' Worth of Gold in Our Mouths? by George E. Sokolsky. An article on the theater by George Jean Nathan, and, of course, installments of Tomorrow We March, by Oscar Schisgall, and I Paid Hitler's Way to Power, by Fritz Thyssen, together with all your favorite columns, departments, and features. How does it sound? I hope you like it. . . .

SALMAGUNDI: They are still telling a story in the United States Army about our Military Affairs expert, General Robert Lee Bullard, and President Roosevelt at their historic encounter in Ogdensburg. The President had come up for an official inspection, and arrived at the camp surrounded by an imposing military guard of honor. General Bullard, highest ranking army officer and therefore a privileged character, approached the Presidential car and was warmly greeted by the commander in chief. Said Mr. Roosevelt: "General, I am glad to see you again. Let me see. The last time we met was at your headquarters in France." To which General Bullard replied, "To tell the truth, Mr. President, there were so many people running in and out of my headquarters that I don't remember who was there and who wasn't." The President, who can enjoy a laugh on himself, had a good one that time.

Many letters are coming from the South praising Leslie Ford's description of Natchez. They all wind up with the plea that we mention that the Eleventh Annual Pilgrimage to the flower festival will be held March 20 to April 6 inclusive, and that all particulars may be had by writing the Natchez Garden Club. So, ladies, here is the mention.

From York Harbor, Maine, comes a letter from Elizabeth M. Byrd (formerly Mrs. William Mitchell, the widow of our old friend Billy Mitchell). She says: "Bill always liked and admired you and your wife so much. Your stanch backing of him and his beliefs, not only personally but through the pages of Liberty, always helped and gave him confidence, and I feel sure that his gallant 'spirit, wherever it may be,' knew and loved your latest tribute to him. Both of our children and my present husband, who was one of Bill's best friends, want to join me in thanking you for writing it. I only wish the higher-ups had seen fit to listen to him twenty years ago. The world might not be so heartbreaking now. I am enclosing something I found on my small boy's desk which he wrote by himself for himself, but I thought you might like to know that eleven-year-old Billy Mitchell, Jr., is as good an American as his father was."

MY CREED TOWARDS AMERICA

America is my native land and I'm proud of it—
Tall corn is my fortification, a wooden cottage my shelter.
Yet I am not afraid—I live in America.
Where the "blackout" is but a fleeting eclipse,
Where the uniforms are but the uniforms of Boy Scouts,
Where the whistle is but the freight train passing through,
That's where I live—in America.
I know these things are priceless heritages that have come to me through the sacrifices of my forefathers and I want to be worthy of them.
Only in America could there have been a Washington—
Only in America could there have been a Lincoln—
And only in America do I want to live!

By BILLY MITCHELL.

☆ *THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—SEPTEMBER 13, 1941** ★ ★ ★ ★

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

"Why, it's just like home!" fluttered Elsie "—not blue at all!"

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, turned from admiring the attractive Canadian countryside to look questioningly at Elmer, the Bull.

Elmer was embarrassed. "Harrumph!" he spluttered. "There must be some mistake. Canada certainly is blue on this map."

"Don't worry," soothed Elsie, as they neared a handsome, flag-topped city. "I'm sure we're really *on* the map, for this looks like the Canadian National Exhibition we're coming to. My feminine instinct tells me we're right."

"Sure, sure," sulked Elmer. "You're *always* right."

"No—but my *Borden's Milk* always is," retorted Elsie. "It *has* to be, to get by Borden's eagle-eyed experts and scientists. And to rate having a host of pure, wholesome Borden products made from it, too."

"Did you come all the way to Canada to tell me *that?*" Elmer complained.

"This trip is part of my *good neighbor* policy," reminded Elsie. "After all, we have our good neighbor Canada to thank for one of the tastiest things made from my milk—*Borden's Chateau.* It's the mellow, golden cheese-food no one's been able to copy, a credit to the whole distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses.*"

"Family! Bah!" snorted Elmer. "A lot *you* care about family life—forever gallivanting all over the continent!"

"Please, Elmer!" begged Elsie. "Don't start a rumpus just as we're pulling up to the Exhibition. As a matter of fact, family life is one of my biggest interests. *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* is approved by doctors for babies because it's so digestible

and rich in Vitamin D. And it pleases the rest of the family by helping to make the fluffiest mashed potatoes and creamiest cream soups."

"For self-confidence," snarled Elmer, "you certainly take the cake."

"For confidence," Elsie replied, "good cooks everywhere rely on *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*—to make the most luscious cake frostings, candies, and cookies . . . Isn't this where we turn in?"

"I'll take care of everything," stated Elmer, as the car stopped and a uniformed guard stepped up. "Don't delay us, my good

man," said Elmer. "We're already a little late."

"Oh, you are?" replied the guard, beginning to frown. "Maybe you're going to be even later."

"What!" bellowed Elmer. "Do you realize who you're talking to?"

"Elmer, Elmer," sighed Elsie. "Don't let your temperature boil over. Cool down. Lots of folks do that with *Borden's Ice Cream*—the smoothest, most refreshing cooler-

downer there is. It's made from the finest milk and cream, you know."

"Listen, beefy," the guard was saying to Elmer. "Are you going to move on—or am I going to move you on?"

Elmer almost exploded. "T-talk to me that way, will you! I'll show you!" he roared.

Elsie warned him: "Careful, Elmer—you'll wear yourself out. Lots of people who need a quick energy bracer find it in that delicious energy drink, *Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk.* Please, Mr. Guard, weren't you told to expect me?"

"Elsie!" cried the delighted guard. "Of course we're expecting *you!*" he added, with a chilly glance at Elmer. "Drive right in!"

"Bah!" fumed Elmer. "You must need a password to get into this place."

"If you do," smiled Elsie, "I bet it's the best-known one there is . . .*'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'*"

* * *

More than 27,000 Borden employees work in behalf of 47,000 owner-stockholders, to provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.

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Actual color photograph—F. H. Lewis looks over some fine, light tobacco, before aging.

"Want this in your cigarette?"

"Then smoke Luckies!" says F. H. Lewis, independent tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C., "because Luckies pay the price to get milder, better-tastin' leaf like this."

"BELIEVE me—fine, mild, light tobacco like this costs real money. But that's the kind Luckies go after...and pay the price to get.

"I've seen 'em do it at one market after the other, all through the Tobacco Country...so you can bet your boots I smoke Luckies!"

Smokers, that's a pretty good cue—from a man who knows what he's talking about—a man who has spent his life buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Of course you want milder, better-tasting tobaccos in your cigarette—the kind that bring higher prices at the auctions. Next time you step up to a cigarette counter, why not be sure you *get* these finer tobaccos? Ask for Lucky Strike.

Remember: independent tobacco experts — buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen — smoke Luckies by an overwhelming majority...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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